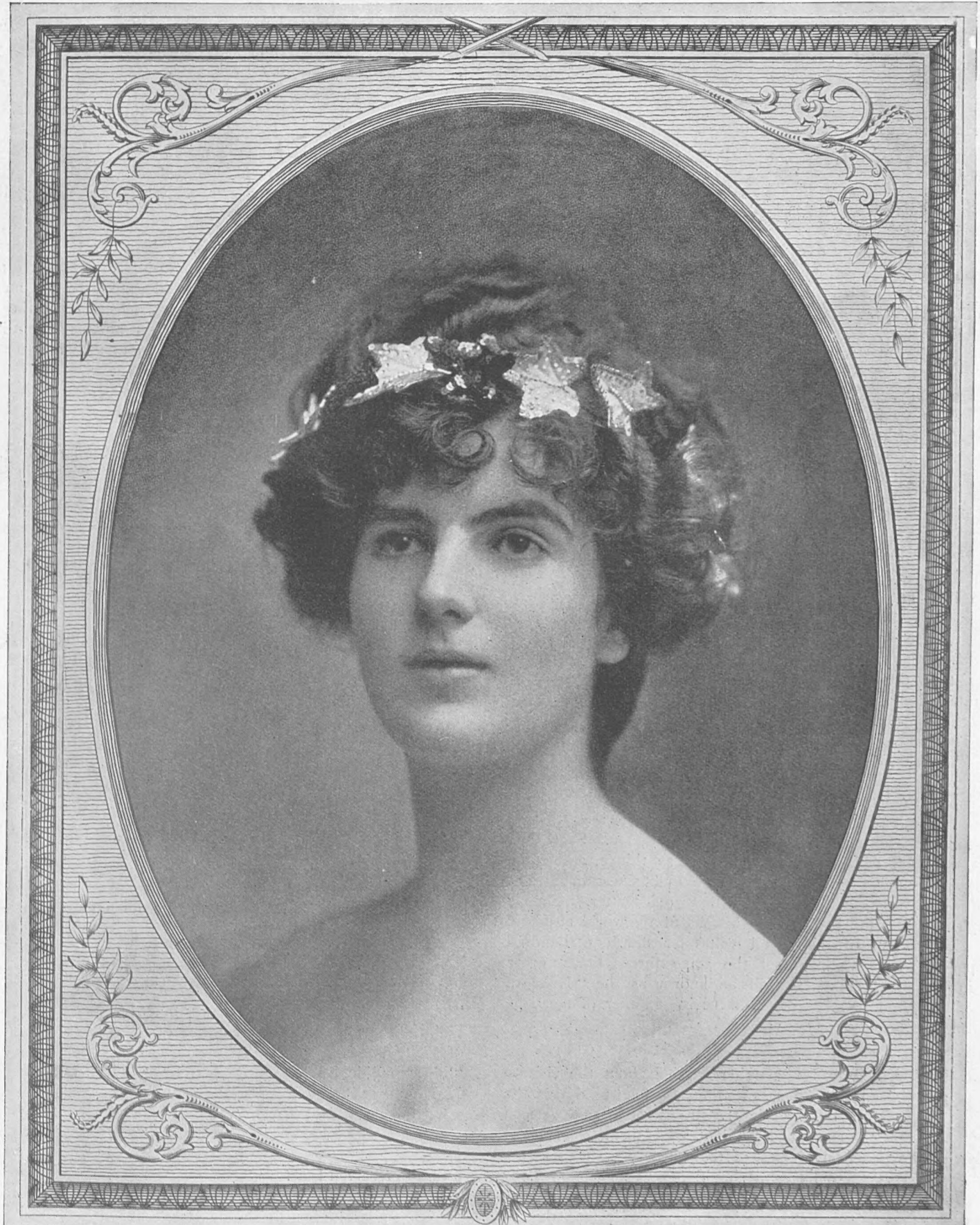




No. 651.—VOL. LI.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 19, 1905.

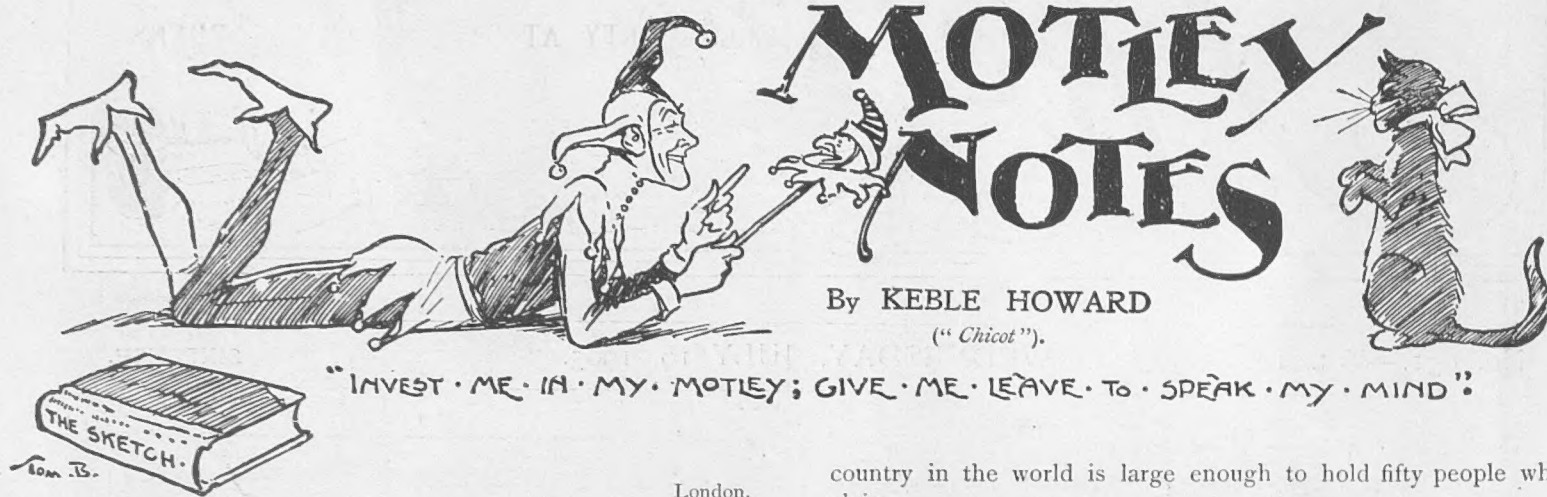
SIXPENCE.



MISS GLADYS WILSON, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT TO MR. ERIC CHAPLIN IS ANNOUNCED.

The betrothal of Mr. Eric Chaplin to Miss Gladys Wilson was announced some months ago, and at that time formally denied. The wedding-day is now said to be fixed. The bridegroom, who is Mr. Chaplin's only son, is a nephew of the Duke of Sutherland and brother to Lady Castlereagh. The bride-elect is one of the group of lovely sisters well known in Society, and is thought to resemble Lady Chesterfield, long regarded as the most beautiful of the Misses Wilson, of Warter Priory.

Photograph by Langfier.



London.

LONDON, generally so lovable, is quite impossible in hot weather. So—to speak plainly—are Londoners. Indeed, it is the Londoners who make London unbearable in July and August. There is an art, of course, in behaving nicely when the thermometer registers ninety in the shade, and the Londoner, unfortunately both for himself and his neighbours, has never acquired that art. Watch him as he makes his way down the Strand at luncheon-time. Instead of walking delicately, thinking, as he walks, of pleasant things, and, in short, concentrating all his attention on the endeavour to keep cool, what does he do? He begins by snatching off his hat and mopping his forehead. Then he puts on his hat again, thrusts it to the back of his head, and says "Phew!" Next he pushes his way to the kerb, dives into his trouser-pocket for a halfpenny, and buys an evening-paper. Unable to wait until he reaches his restaurant before reading the latest cricket-news, he stretches out his arms to their widest extent, and staggers along behind the newspaper until he runs into somebody. That gross piece of carelessness achieved, he thrusts a red, angry face over the top of the paper and observes, "Now, then, look where you're going, please! What's that? All right. We know all about that. I say, we know all about that. Eh? What about yourself? I say, you're another. Oh, come on, Harry. Phew!" That's the kind of conduct, you know, that makes London unnecessarily unpleasant in July and August.

The midsummer Londoner, again, is a wilful offence to the eye. Merely to look at him is to get hot oneself. It needs very little imagination to realise the effect of that tight black hat, that tight black coat, those tight grey trousers, and those heavy black boots. It is strange, indeed, that the majority of people who employ clerks should insist on their employes dressing themselves in such a way that it is utterly impossible for them to take an interest in their work. Black, black, black, all through the weary, dusty days of July and August. The women are not so foolish. True, they pack their poor arms in long, uncomfortable gloves, thereby depriving themselves of both comfort and pocket-money. But, for the rest, they look far cooler than the men. That is why they are able to keep their tempers, and to keep your temper during the hot weather is better for the health than a fortnight at the seaside. Some day, no doubt, the men will begin to believe these things, and some bold one will actually turn up at his place of business in a light suit. He will be promptly dismissed, but that won't matter. For his photograph will be published for the benefit of the world at large, and the Management of the Tivoli will offer him one hundred pounds per week to walk round the stage three times every evening in the light suit. He will be known as the "Duke of Cheapside," and, in all probability, will receive an offer of marriage from an American beauty.

Just at first, by the way, I was rather puzzled about the visit to London of the "fifty pretty American women." One read that the cost of the trip was being defrayed by the proprietor of an American newspaper, and that the successful candidates had been selected by the readers of the paper on account of their beauty. That was the bewildering thing—that any husband should have voted for anybody else's wife, or any bachelor for anybody else's sweetheart, or any wife, maid, or widow for anybody but herself. And yet, of course, the fair fifty—who, I notice now, prefer to be called "popular" rather than "beautiful"—must have received hundreds of votes apiece. What was the explanation? Well, the tangle was straightened out when one read an article descriptive of the American ladies. Just run your eye over these few characteristics, and ask yourself whether any

country in the world is large enough to hold fifty people who can claim—

An erect carriage and well-poised head.
A free, swinging, athletic step.
An almost masculine air of independence.
Vivacious eyes that say almost as much as tongues.
Speech keen, yet simple.
Lightning-like comprehension.

I sincerely trust that the meek, long-suffering ladies who combined to send these Amazonian Crichtons to Europe are making the most of their temporary relief.

A distinguished member of the Athenæum Club—pardon the redundancy—is suffering from mosquito-bites. It is an awesome thing to think that any mosquito should dare to bite a member of the Athenæum Club. Under the circumstances, I think the member in question was quite justified in writing to the papers about it. And, just to show you what a fearful effect the bite of a mosquito may have, I will quote the first paragraph of the learned gentleman's letter—

"If your correspondent, or anybody else, can tell us of a convenient way of preservation from mosquito and fly bites, then please let him say how."

We have all heard of the mouse that liberated the lion, but the mosquito that irritated a member of the Athenæum Club into such English as that beats all records.

To return to the hot weather, I deeply regret to note that among those who have weakly allowed themselves to wilt must be numbered no less a personage than Mr. Jerome K. Jerome. Writing in the current number of *To-Day*, Mr. Jerome says, with sardonic peevishness, "There are no living humorists; there never have been, and there never will be. The receipt for making a humorist is first to bury him." Mr. Jerome is alluding, of course, to those whom I had the good fortune last week to describe as having won their way to limp leather covers through the gateway of the grave. But, as yet unwilted, I did not make the remark gloomily. Indeed, I was rather in a fighting mood when I concocted that felicitous expression. I am the more sorry, therefore, to find that Mr. Jerome has succumbed to the weather, and hasten to provide him with a recipe for the restoration of self-confidence. If it doesn't answer, I shall be seriously alarmed. If, on the other hand, it does, I shall expect an autographed copy of "Idle Ideas in 1905." Address—*The Sketch* Office. Here is the recipe—

Take one bath. Fill it to within a few inches of the top with warm water. Add a few tablespoonfuls of some stimulating bath-preparation (see our advertisement columns) to taste. Near the edge of the bath place a small table, and on the table arrange a long drink with a piece of ice in it, a box of cigarettes, matches, a copy of "Three Men in a Boat," a copy of "Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow," the *Pall Mall Gazette* notice of "Paul Kever," and a copy of *The Sketch*, published about the same time, containing a "Photographic Interview with Mr. Jerome K. Jerome."

Now strip the body, and immerse it up to the neck in the warm water. Take a good pull at the long drink, light a cigarette, and read that chapter in "Three Men in a Boat" in which George hits Harris on the head with the blade of a scull in the endeavour to open a tin of preserved fruit.

Continue the treatment until the face relaxes, finally breaking into profuse smiles. Then finish the long drink, leave the bath, dry the body, slip on a suit of silk pyjamas, lie in a long chair under a shady tree, and listen to the "Bird Song" as rendered by Melba through the agency of the Gramophone.

It will presently become apparent that there is, at least, one living humorist. Express gratitude by sending him a copy of "Idle Ideas."

THE PLAYER AT PLAY: THE THEATRICAL GARDEN-PARTY AT THE BOTANIC GARDENS.



1. THE CRICKET-MATCH BETWEEN POPULAR ACTORS AND ACTRESSES: MISS PAULINE CHASE BATTING.

2. THE CRICKET-MATCH BETWEEN POPULAR ACTORS AND ACTRESSES: MISS VANE FEATHERSTON (CAPTAIN OF THE LADIES' TEAM) BATTING.

3. ACTORS AND DRAMATISTS AS "AUNT SALLIES": MRS. CECIL RALEIGH'S "SHY."

4. ROYAL PATRONAGE: MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER ESCORTING PRINCESS CHRISTIAN ROUND THE GROUNDS.

5. THE CHELSEA SHAKSPERE'S NEW PLAY: CHARACTERS IN "PASSION, POISON, AND PETRIFACTION; OR, THE FATAL GASOGENE."

The Theatrical Garden-Party, given at the Botanic Gardens on Friday of last week, proved as successful from the monetary point of view as it did from the point of view of those who went to it to enjoy themselves. There was a cricket-match between popular actors and actresses, a hat-trimming competition for actors, a captive balloon, an "Aunt Sally," directed by Mrs. Cecil Raleigh, pastoral singers, character-reading from the face, palmistry, "your fortune in your tea-cup," the "Drolls," Jumbo Junior, who collected on behalf of the Fund, and, by no means least, Mr. George Bernard Shaw's mock tragedy, "Passion, Poison, and Petrification; or, The Fatal Gasogene." This was given at frequent intervals in the "Theatre Royal," and proved excellent fun. As "Aunt Sallies" will be noticed, among others, Mr. W. S. Gilbert, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, Mr. Cyril Maude, Mr. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. Pinero, Sir Squire Bancroft, Mr. George R. Sims, Mr. Lewis Waller, Sir Charles Wyndham, Mr. Arthur Collins, and Sir Frank Burnand. In the group of players in Mr. George Bernard Shaw's "tragedy" are Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Miss Nancy Price, Mr. Cyril Maude, Mr. Arthur Williams, Mr. Eric Lewis, Mr. G. P. Huntley, and Mr. Lennox Pawle.

Photographs by Bassano.

THE CLUBMAN.

The French and Ourselves—A Blue-and-White Indian Palace.

THE last reverberation of the guns at Brest has died away, and now our sailors are preparing a welcome for the French Navy when it visits us in home waters. It will be as hearty as that which our neighbours gave us; it cannot be more graceful or more sincere. I go often to France, I have French relations and French friends, I hear the talk of some of the most important class in France, the landowners great and small, and I know that France as a whole is now holding out a hand to Great Britain with an earnestness she has never shown during the life of this generation. England is a natural friend for France; Germany is not.

The people of the two countries, France and Great Britain, should understand each other better, and that they can only do by reading of each other. To immense masses of the English people the typical French gentleman is the stage caricature, the whipper-snapper with a very small, turned-up moustache, a silk hat with a flat brim, and a way of shrugging his

shoulders and skipping. I once suggested he should put on the stage the real Parisian of to-day, a man who is very like an Englishman in appearance and who is dressed by an English tailor, who is a fine horseman and plays polo well, who is a fair linguist and talks English correctly, who is a fine shot with gun and revolver, and who keeps in exercise all the year round by fencing. The manager stopped me at once. That might be the real Parisian, he said, but it was not the Parisian the British public would recognise.

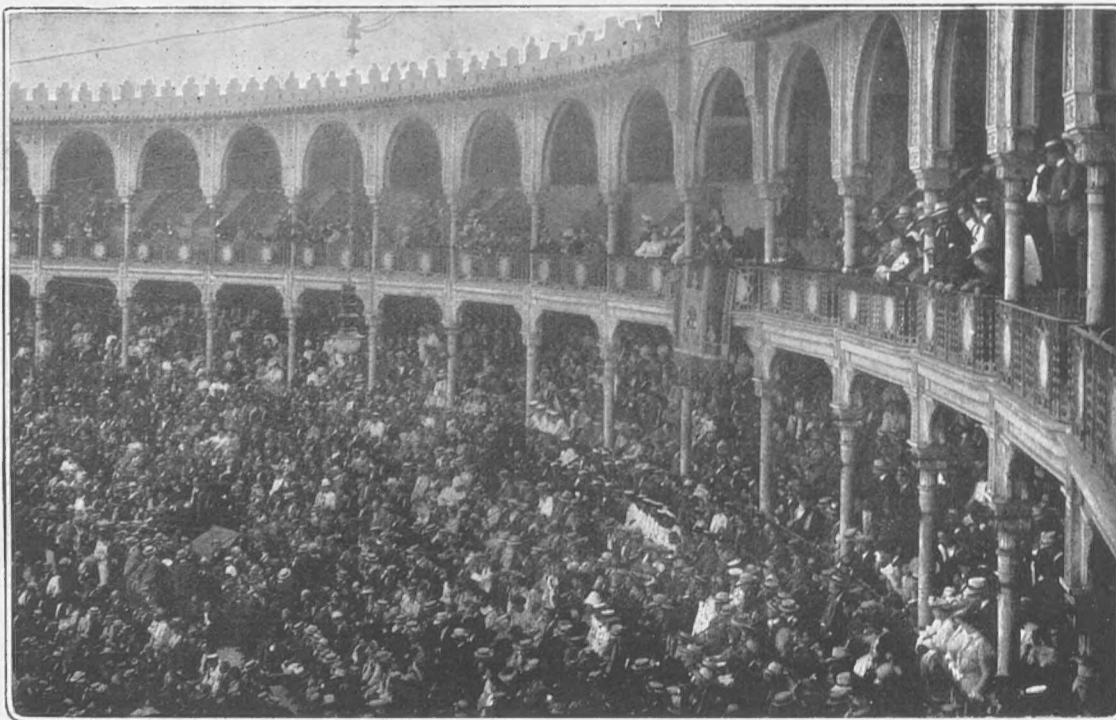
We know even less as a nation of the good people of the provinces—those good-natured, bearded gentlemen who live in the slate-roofed châteaux and grow their grapes or their corn or their olives, who look to the nearest big town as the centre of interest, and who rarely come to Paris; and the smaller folk, the yeomen and the peasants—and yet they really are France. It is into the unreceptive peasant

mind and into the minds of the landowners that the idea is gradually sinking that "Perfidie Albion" is really behaving as a friend.

If we as a nation know little of the French, they know still less of us. The caricatures of the thin, long-toothed Englishman with his family of long-teethed daughters are out-of-date; but the Englishman of to-day, as the caricaturists paint him, is a red-nosed creature, with a ragged moustache, with a cricket-cap on his head, and smoking a pipe. The North of France has seen the roaring excursionists who are landed for an hour or two and then carried off to sea again; but, if the Northerners know that England is not to be judged by her mafficking, Bank-Holiday trippers, the rest of France really has no idea what the English in mass are like.

The Maharajah of Kapurthala, who has been in London during part of this season, is building for himself in the capital of his State in the Punjab a blue-and-white marble palace, which will be curious and, I dare say, beautiful. The blue marble for the pillars comes from Canada. Blue and white are the colours of the Maharajah; all his servants are clothed in blue and silver; the Lancers of his Imperial Service contingent have blue-and-white pennons on their lances. The Maharajah has the passion for bricks-and-mortar which generally seizes all of us at some period of our lives, and I remember that when I left India he was building on the hillside near Simla a very fine summer palace. Now he will have an equally up-to-date winter one.

Lord Charles Beresford.

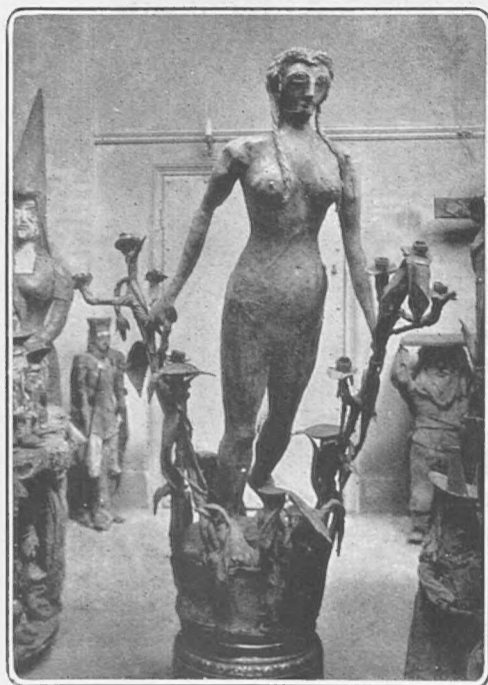


LORD CHARLES BERESFORD GIVES CAUSE FOR A QUESTION IN THE HOUSE: THE ADMIRAL AT A BULL-FIGHT AT BARCELONA.

During his recent visit to Barcelona, Lord Charles Beresford attended a bull-fight got up in his honour. The leading matador dedicated his first bull to the Admiral, who responded to the compliment with the gift of £20.

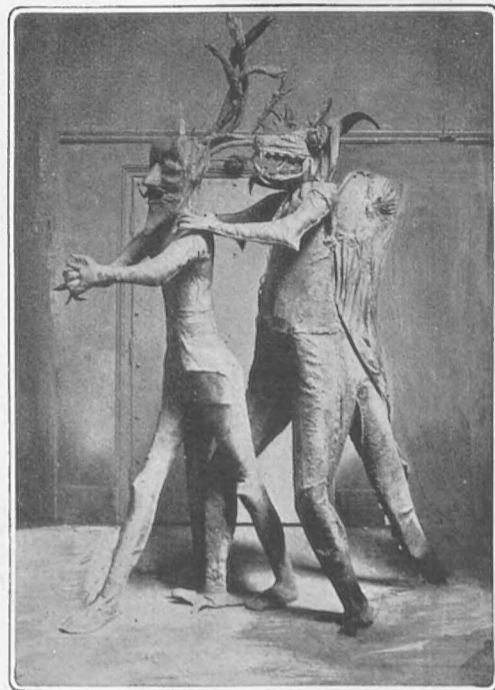
(See "My Morning Paper.") Photograph by A. Merletti.

waiting to carry any messages; and in the inner yard an elephant or two rocked from one foot to the other and flitted dust over their backs, their mahouts squatting on the ground before them; and they, too, were ready to go on the errands of the Maharajah.



CARRIED IN THE PROCESSIONS OF THE INQUISITION: A FEMALE FIGURE MADE OF LEATHER.

There has just been removed from a cellar in Lower Kennington to a specially-built strong-room a wonderful collection of the weird figures carried in the processions of the Inquisition, taken from the vaults of that body under the Council Chambers at Lisbon.—



CARRIED IN THE PROCESSIONS OF THE INQUISITION: A DRAGON BEATING THE DEVIL WITH A SEVEN-LASHED WHIP OF SNAKES.

—Their present owner, Mr. Smith, received them through the agency of the Court of Chancery. Each figure is of leather; most of them are of life-size, some of them of gigantic proportions.



THE CHELSEA SHAKSPERE'S "LATEST": MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW'S "PASSION, POISON, AND PETRIFICATION; OR, THE FATAL GASOGENE," AT THE THEATRICAL GARDEN-PARTY.—OUTSIDE THE "THEATRE ROYAL."

"Passion, Poison, and Petrification" was, perhaps, the greatest success of the Theatrical Garden-Party held in the Botanic Gardens on Friday last. Presented at frequent intervals by Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Miss Nancy Price, and Messrs. G. P. Huntley, Eric Lewis, Arthur Williams, Lennox Pawle, and Cyril Maude, it benefited the Actors' Orphanage Fund to the extent of £240. Outside the booth, Messrs. Lionel Brough and Brandon Thomas, working their hardest in showman fashion, did much to attract audiences. The Prompt Book of the play, autographed by the players, is on sale for the further benefit of the Fund.

Photograph by Bassano.



LADIES WHO OBJECT TO BEING CALLED BEAUTIFUL: SOME OF AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR WOMEN, NOW VISITING THIS COUNTRY.

There are now staying at the Hotel Cecil fifty American ladies who are visiting this country at the invitation of the enterprising owner of the "Cincinnati Tribune," the readers of whose paper selected them as the most popular women they knew. The fact that certain of the papers have dubbed them "The American Beauties" would seem to have caused them considerable annoyance; they infinitely prefer to be "popular."

Photograph by the Advance Photo. Agency.

GARRICK THEATRE.—MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER, Lessee and Manager.—EVERY EVENING at 8.30 **THE WALLS OF JERICO**, by Alfred Sutro. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY at 2.30.

PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, MR. FRANK CURZON. MR. GEORGE EDWARDS' SEASON. EVERY EVENING at 8.15. **LADY MADCAP**. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY at 2.15.

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FOUR PERFORMANCES DAILY, at 12 noon, 3 o'clock, 6 o'clock, and 9 o'clock. All seats in all parts are numbered and reserved. Stamped addressed envelopes should accompany all postal applications for seats.
PRICES:—Boxes, £2 2s., £1 11s. 6d., and £1 1s. Fauteuils, 10s. 6d. and 7s. 6d. Stalls, 5s., 4s., 3s., and 2s. (Telephone No. 7689 Gerrard.) Grand Tier, 1s. Balcony, 6d. (Telephone No. 7690 Gerrard.) Children under 12 Half-price to all Fauteuils and Stalls. Telegrams, "Coliseum, London."

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Panorama of the Battle of Trafalgar. West's "Our Navy." Maxim's Captive Flying Machine. Fairy Grotto. Indian Canoes. Burton's Great Red Indian Village: Chiefs, Squaws, and Paposes. Voyage in a Submarine. Vanderdecken's Haunted Cabin. Famous Sea Fights. Miss de Rohan's Musical and Dramatic Sketches. Tillikum Canoe.

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CROMER AND DISTRICT.—THE ILLUSTRATED OFFICIAL GUIDE will be forwarded Post Free on receipt of Two Penny Stamps by THE CLERK, CROMER.

SUMMER TOURS IN SCOTLAND.—THE ROYAL ROUTE.
COLUMBA, IONA, &c. SAIL-DAILY, MAY TILL OCTOBER.
Official Guide, 6d.
Tourist Programme post free from DAVID MACBRAYNE, 119, Hope Street, Glasgow.

SWITZERLAND.—EXPRESS DAILY SERVICE. (Sundays included) by the ROYAL BRITISH MAIL Route, via Harwich-Hook of Holland. EXPRESS SERVICES to Berlin, Leipzig, Dresden, Munich, and Vienna. THROUGH CARRIAGES and Restaurant Cars between the Hook of Holland, Berlin, Cologne, and Bale. HARWICH-ANTWERP ROUTE every week-day for the ARDENNES (Cheapest Continental Holiday), BRUSSELS, LIEGE EXHIBITION—Cheap Return Tickets; SPA, SWITZERLAND, &c.
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H. C. AMENDT, Manager.

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Ladies attended at their own residences or Hotels. Received between 11-6, Sat. 11-2. Highly Recommended.—MRS. CHAPMAN (Certified Masseuse), 84, Baker Street, Portman Square, W.

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BLACKPOOL	... 11.30 " "
MORECAMBE	... 11.30 " "
ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT	... 11.30 " "
a—Runs from July 22 to Aug. 31.	
b—From July 22 to Aug. 31 leaves Euston 11.10 a.m.	
TO IRELAND.	
IRISH MAIL	... 8.30 a.m. and 8.45 p.m. via Kingstown.
DUBLIN	... 11.0 " 10.15 " via North Wall.
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"	... 5.55 " 5.55 " via Liverpool.
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c—Up to July 22, and from Aug. 21 to Sept. 30, leaves Euston at 10 a.m.
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EDINBURGH ... 11.35 " "
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THE L. & N. W. ROUTE IS NOTED FOR ITS PUNCTUALITY AND ITS FREEDOM FROM DUST.

FREDERICK HARRISON,
General Manager, L. & N. W. Ry.
Euston, July 1905.

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VICHY EXPRESS.—3.55 p.m. from Paris on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.

AIX-LES-BAINS-SAVOY EXPRESS.—Daylight Service, 11.20 a.m. from Paris to Aix-les-Bains, Chambéry, Geneva, and Evian, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.

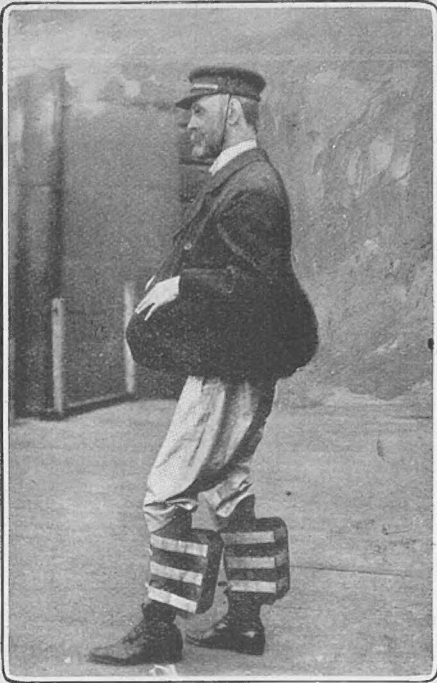
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CABOURG EXPRESS.—3.50 p.m. DAILY from Paris. Saloon and Restaurant Cars.

NIGHTLY SLEEPING CARS, CALAIS to PARIS, 9 p.m. from CHARING CROSS. (PASSENGERS REMAIN IN CAR IN PARIS UNTIL 7.30 a.m.)

DAILY RESTAURANT CARS to PARIS in connection with 9 a.m. and 2.20 p.m. Trains from Charing Cross.

Time-Tables, Full Details, and all Tickets (which must be obtained in advance) from INTERNATIONAL SLEEPING CAR COMPANY, 20, Cockspur Street, Charing Cross



A WALKER IN THE WATER: MR. MCEVOY IN HIS WATER-WALKING COSTUME.

Mr. McEvoy, who is a tailor, of Soho, recently gave a demonstration of his ability to walk in the water aided by the apparatus he has invented.

Photograph by Park.

have been made to the racecourse itself. Every house in the neighbourhood will be full, and it is thought that Mr. and Mrs. Willie James will also have Royalty staying at West Dean.

Queen Maud? Should Prince Charles of Denmark become King of Norway, as would seem more than possible at the time of writing, the hardy Norseman would be indeed fortunate in his Queen. The youngest daughter of King Edward and Queen Alexandra has always been regarded as exceptionally clever and brilliant. As a girl, she was by far the most vivacious of the three Royal sisters, and her marriage, which was the outcome of a charming Royal romance, excited the greatest interest both in this country and in Denmark, where her husband has always been very popular, if only because he is the Sailor Prince of his family. Up to the present time, Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark have led a very quiet and simple home-life, and undoubtedly they would feel it a great sacrifice to give up their beautiful country home near Sandringham. Prince Charles is a fine figure of a man, closely connected through his mother with the Swedish Royal Family.

Our Youngest Royalty. Little Princess Mary is still in her glory as sole daughter of her parents. Though, doubtless, the Prince and Princess of Wales would have liked their sixth child to be a daughter, the birth of another Prince is, according to old-fashioned notions, an added stability to the throne. It is whispered that our youngest Royalty may be given the

SMALL TALK of the WEEK

THE King and Queen will be at Goodwood and at Cowes, and the announcement has caused the keenest pleasure to Society at large. The pretty Sussex race-meeting is shorn of half its glory if their Majesties are not present, and the Cowes Week depends much on Royal patronage. Goodwood House has entertained more Royal house-parties than any other great mansion in the kingdom, and the new Duke of Richmond is carrying on in splendid fashion the magnificent traditions of hospitality left him by his father. All sorts of improvements

name of Patrick, out of compliment to John Bull's Other Island. The dowager baby of the Royal Family—and it is to be hoped that he will not feel his deposition too keenly—is the little son of Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark, who may yet see himself a King.

Royal Seaford. Seaford, the unsophisticated Sussex seaside village, is now honoured by the presence of Royal visitors; indeed, of a future King and Queen. The Duke and Duchess of Sparta, the one a nephew of the Queen, the other a niece of the King, were in need of a complete change and rest, and they have sought it on an English beach. Continental Royalties have a great belief in British sea-air; they often pay incognito visits to our less-known seaside places, and when there they live the simplest of lives, often putting up with accommodation which would quite dis-satisfy those who have made a fortune but recently. As a rule,

Royal visitors prefer to avoid those large hotels where their rank cannot but be known to their fellow-guests, for the dream of all modern Princes and Princesses seems to be to be mistaken for men and women of obscure position and birth.



A WALKER IN THE WATER: MR. MCEVOY TAKING A STROLL THROUGH THE THAMES.

Mr. McEvoy's apparatus consists of a coat with an air-belt attached to its waist, and a pair of specially constructed gaiters. These gaiters, each of which weighs two pounds, are fitted with brass wings, which open and shut as the wearer progresses through the water.

Photograph by Park.

Lady Mary Sackville. Lord De La Warr is blessed in a trio of pretty and clever sisters. The eldest is Lady Edeline Strickland; the youngest, Lady Margaret Sackville, has won real fame as a poetess; and Lady Mary is a good artist, noted for her power of catching a likeness. The two younger daughters of Constance, Lady De La Warr, are a curious contrast, the one fair and the other dark, but both equally interested in "the things that matter," art, literature, and politics. Much of their girlhood has been spent at their mother's delightful place, Inchmery, on Southampton Water, and they are both expert yachtswomen.



THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES'S SIXTH CHILD: YORK COTTAGE, SANDRINGHAM.

With the exception of Prince Edward, all the children of the Prince and Princess of Wales were born at York Cottage. The little Prince who was born on Wednesday of last week is the fifth son of their Royal Highnesses.

Photograph by Frith.



LADIES WHO OBJECT TO BEING CALLED BEAUTIFUL; AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR WOMEN, NOW STAYING AT THE HOTEL CECIL.

Among the Americans now staying at the Hotel Cecil are fifty ladies who have come over to this country at the invitation of the owner of the "Cincinnati Tribune," the readers of whose paper chose them as the most popular women in America. The newspapers have been calling the ladies "American beauties," and at this they are apparently very wroth, preferring to be simply "popular."

Photograph by Advance Agency.

Ladies who Object to being Called Beautiful.

Hitherto the term "American Beauties" has been known in connection with the large, perfect pink roses which the millionaire lover gives to his lady-love; but now the term has another significance, for London has enjoyed the peaceful invasion of some fifty American ladies who owe their present visit to this country to the readers of a prominent American paper who chose them, not, it is carefully explained, because of their beauty, but because of their general charm and popularity. It is to be hoped that one of these "beauties" will write a book about her experiences, and of how London struck her. Englishmen and Englishwomen have often told in prose how America impresses the stranger, but, when one comes to think of it, there have been but few return compliments of the kind, and yet what could be more different from, say, Cincinnati, where, it seems, many of the fair fifty come from, to London in July?

A Husband's Pretty Compliment.

The late Speaker has elected to be henceforth known as Viscount Selby, and never was prettier compliment paid a wife, for Mrs. Gully, as the new Peeress's friends still affectionately think of her, was, before her marriage, Miss Elizabeth Anne Walford Selby. In the neighbourhood of Seaford, the breezy seaside village now being patronised by Greek Royalties, the name of Lady Selby is one to conjure with, for the mistress of Sutton Place is a true Lady Bountiful, and she and the ex-Speaker are both devoted to the place. This year sees them celebrating the fortieth anniversary of their happy marriage, for it was in 1865 that the young barrister, then aged just thirty, took Miss Selby to wife.

A "Madame Butterfly" Supper-Party.

At the conclusion of the first presentation of "Madame Butterfly" at Covent Garden, in connection with which an interesting photograph appears in "Key-Notes," Signor Tito Ricordi gave a supper-party in honour of the artists who had taken part in the performance. To everybody's regret, but to nobody's surprise, Madame Destinn was too fatigued to join the gathering, but Signor Caruso—who, by the way, contributed a characteristic sketch to the menu-card—was in fine form, and seemed quite to have forgotten his base desertion of Madame Butterfly and her subsequent suicide. Before the evening closed he was approached for

a speech, and gallantly strove to address his friends in English. He got so far as to declare that he was "very, very horrid," and only when the protests had died away we realised that he meant "honoured." The occasion was a particularly pleasant one, for everybody had come from Covent Garden feeling conscious that the Management had scored a big success. There was no music, but there was much merry-making, and when the party broke up London's lights were being put out, and the sparrows were commenting noisily upon the late hours that prevail in town at this season of the year.

Stage Crime in Paris.

With the heat of the summer, almost all the Paris theatres have closed their doors, and with their closing comes to old Parisians a recollection of the days of Paris before Baron Haussmann, when what is now the Boulevard du Temple was the Boulevard du Crime. It was upon a July evening in 1862 that these theatres, which lived upon the taste of the Parisians for melodrama, gave their last performance, and some curious statistics were published and handed round to the audience. Five popular performers had in their stage-careers divided 132,902 crimes—stage crimes—among them. Tauten had been stabbed 16,302 times, Marty had been poisoned 11,000 times, and Fresnoy had met with a violent death in various ways 27,000 times. Mlle. Adèle Dupuis had been kidnapped, drowned, or seduced 75,000 times, and Mlle. Levesque wrongfully accused of murder 6,400 times, while her comrade, Mlle. Olivier, had drunk of crime's cup no less than 16,000 times. These actors and actresses are forgotten now, but they were the favourites of the Paris of yesterday. It was on the Boulevard du Temple, too, that the café concert, which all the world has copied since, opened its doors first to the public. But nowadays melodrama in the City of Light amuses and interests comparatively few, as few probably as it amuses and interests in London, where battle, murder, and sudden death on the stage have given way to crimes which, being more social, lend themselves better to the Society dramatist. Indeed, were the Boulevard du Crime to be reconstituted, it would find few enthusiasts.

Wedding Bells.

Of the new engagements, of which, as usual, the end of the London Season seems likely to see a good crop, the most interesting is that of Mr. Eric Chaplin to Miss Gladys Wilson. This betrothal was announced a long time ago and formally denied, but now the wedding-day is said actually to be fixed. The bridegroom is Mr. Chaplin's only son, a nephew of the Duke of Sutherland, and brother to Lady Castlereagh. The bride-elect is one of a singularly lovely group of sisters, and she is said to resemble Lady Chesterfield, long regarded as the most beautiful of the Misses Wilson of Warter Priory. Yet another notable engagement is that of Lady Constance Knox, Lord Ranfurly's daughter, to Mr. Milnes-Gaskell. Scotch folk are interested in the forthcoming marriage of Lord Granville Gordon's son, Mr. Douglas Gordon, to Miss Streatfeild. Many pretty country weddings will be celebrated in August, in some ways the ideal bridal-month of the year.



A LADY WHOSE HUSBAND HAS CHOSEN HER MAIDEN NAME AS HIS FUTURE TITLE: VISCOUNTESS SELBY.

The King's award of the customary "mark of signal favour" to the ex-Speaker enabled Mr. Gully to pay his wife a delicate compliment. Mrs. Gully was born Elizabeth Anne Walford Selby, and it is as Viscount Selby that Mr. Gully will sit in the House of Lords.

Photograph by Russell



THE RE-CELEBRATION OF THE WEDDING OF MR. AND MRS. SCARFACE.

On July 8, 1875, the marriage of Tanenrison (Scarface) to Kaient'son was celebrated in the Indian Reservation, Montreal, by the High Priest of the Iroquois, and last week Mr. and Mrs. Scarface's "Silver" Wedding was duly recognised at Earl's Court. The whole of the Indian Village took part in the ceremony, in which maize, beans, and a pig's head played important rôles. The maize and the pig's head formed one of the items of the feast given by Mrs. Scarface. As is usual when the Indians celebrate a "Silver" Wedding, the marriage ceremony was performed again, the High Priest, American Horse, being the celebrant.

A Countess Shopkeeper.

There are many lady milliners and lady dressmakers, but the first woman of title who has actually opened a bonnet-shop under her own name is the Countess Fabbriotti, whose hat-shop in South Molton Street has been quite an amazing success, many of the well-known beauties having become customers there. The pretty Countess, who is Irish by birth, follows the example of the late Lady Granville Gordon, who was for so long known as Madame Lierre—that is to say, she attends to her business herself, thus mastering the great secret of success. One reason why so many ladies fail when they try to make money is that they leave the more tiresome details connected with the tea-shop, the millinery emporium, or the dressmaking establishment to a subordinate whose high salary runs away with whatever little profit is made the first year.

A Baby in the Commons!

The House of Commons must have come to a pretty pass when so serious an M.P. as Mr. Cameron Corbett could be suspected of bringing a baby into its sacred precincts! Cries of "Order!" were raised, when, to the relief of those whose feelings were outraged by what they took to be the sight before them, it was discovered that what Mr. Corbett bore so tenderly in his arms was merely a lady's wrap! Till comparatively recently, children were allowed in the Ladies' Gallery, but Master Dillon's artless remarks concerning his father and the Irish Leader's friends and colleagues put an end to the privilege, and now the youthful citizen may be present at a debate only when he has reached the age of discretion. Meanwhile, little girls are sometimes entertained to tea on the Terrace.

A New Peeress.

Lady Massereene and Ferrard may yet be reckoned as a bride, for her marriage, as Miss Jean Barbara Ainsworth, to Major Algernon Skeffington took place only last February.



A NEW PEERESS:
LADY MASSEREENE AND FERRARD.

The new Lady Massereene and Ferrard married Major Algernon Skeffington, now the twelfth Viscount, in February last. She is the elder daughter of the M.P. for Argyll.

Photograph by Thomson.



A COUNTESS SHOPKEEPER: COUNTESS FABBRIOTTI, WHO HAS OPENED A BONNET-SHOP UNDER HER OWN NAME.

Countess Fabbriotti, who is Irish by birth, has opened a hat-shop in South Molton Street, and attends to every detail of the business herself.

Photograph by Bassano.

At the time the pretty bride can have in no sense foreseen her future position, for both her father-in-law and her husband's elder brother were living. Then came the death, first, of the elder son, and then of the late Peer; and now the youthful twentieth-century Peeresses have a charming addition to their number. Lady Massereene and Ferrard is the elder daughter of the M.P. for Argyll, and she is, of course, Scotch by birth; but

she has already become very fond of her beautiful Irish home, Oriel Temple, and at her marriage Ireland and Irish industries were prominent. It is a curious fact that the Viscounty of Massereene is one of the only two Irish peerages heritable by women, and the fifth holder was wife of the second Viscount Ferrard, the great-grandfather of the new Peer.

A Spanish "Potemkin." The revolt of the *Kniaz Potemkin* has not been without its predecessors in history. Perhaps the latest example was that of the *Numancia* in 1873, while civil war was going on in Spain. Several members of the Revolutionary Junta were on board the ship, which was at Carthagena, and the crew one day declared themselves in favour of the Revolution, and against the Government of Señor Emilio Castelar. The *Numancia* began by firing at the city, but when the rest of the Fleet came up it put out to sea. The other Spanish ships pursued it, and knocked it about a good deal; but it got to Oran, where it surrendered to the French authorities. The members of the Junta and the crew were sent to Guelma, and it was not until Alfonso XII. came to the throne that the *Numancia* was once more incorporated in the Spanish Fleet.

Mrs. Arthur Paget. Society, headed by our gracious Sovereign and his Consort, is giving a very warm welcome to Mrs. Arthur Paget, who has come back to London after a long stay in Berlin, where she has been under the care of a famous surgeon. Thanks to him, she is now able to walk. It will be remembered that this noted leader of Anglo-American Society had a terrible lift-accident, which at one time seemed to preclude any possibility of her ever being able to walk again.

The life of an invalid would have been indeed grievous to one of this remarkable woman's temperament and manifold activities. The marriage of the beautiful Miss Paran Stevens was one of the first which took place between an American heiress and an Englishman belonging by birth and association to the great English world. Mrs. Arthur Paget at once won her place in her adopted country, and she soon became noted among London's leading hostesses. On the outbreak of the South African War, both her husband, General Paget, and her eldest son went to the front, and she busied herself with organising the Anglo-American hospital-ship, the *Maine*. Mrs. Paget was largely instrumental also in getting up the War Tableaux which brought in so large a sum of money for the wounded.



A WELCOME RETURN TO SOCIETY: MRS. ARTHUR PAGET, WHO HAS JUST COME BACK TO LONDON.

It will be remembered that Mrs. Arthur Paget met with a very serious lift-accident some while ago, and she has been under treatment in Berlin. She returned to town recently.

Photograph by Thomson.

The Duke of Devonshire's Moors.

While most people associate Scotland with grouse-moors, it is right to remember that some of the best in the United Kingdom are to be found in England and Wales. Yorkshire is a fine county for grouse-moors, and some of the best belong to the Duke of Devonshire and surround his picturesque seat, Bolton Abbey. The Abbey from which the shooting-box takes its name is in a very ruinous state, but remains picturesque and stately to the last, while the country round, particularly the valley of the Wharfe, has a beauty that no part of the United Kingdom can excel and few can match. The Duke entertains a party for the opening of the grouse-shooting, though he himself does not always shoot, and has numbered the Prince of Wales among his guests. Enormous bags reward the shooters, but the Bolton Abbey shootings have not achieved the record. That belongs to Mr. Rimington Wilson, whose moors are in the same county. By the side of the records that Yorkshire can show, even Perthshire must hide a diminished head.

Sporting Prospects. Yet another three weeks or so, and the guns will be heard on the moorlands and the red grouse will be paying the price of the attention he receives throughout eight months of the year. For his sake, moors are drained, heather is burnt, keepers are employed, and, finally, hundreds of Englishmen travel to the North. From stray reports which have passed through our hands, we are inclined to believe that the season will be a good one. Birds seem to have hatched out well in most places and to have become strong on the wing. The dreaded grouse-disease does not appear to be very prevalent this year. A Royal Commission is investigating the question of grouse-sickness just now, and some of our leading sportsmen are on it; but the trouble has baffled naturalists and moor-owners for so long that it is hardly likely to yield its mysteries to the Commission. It is probable that Nature is not disposed to allow any class of birds to multiply beyond certain limits, while, of course, if the owners of moors had their wish, sportsmen would get fifty brace to the acre.

A Kitchen for the Dog-Days.

Gourmets and gourmands must envy the Maharajah of Kapurthala, for this wise Indian potentate, when building his new Winter Palace, directed that no less a sum than £5,000 should be spent on his kitchen! The saucepans, the frying-pans, and so on, will be of solid silver, for so alone, according to one great Paris physician, can the risk of appendicitis be avoided. Every kind of range and stove that the heart of engineer and chef has devised will be in this superb kitchen, and every type of cooking

Balls and Ball-Givers.

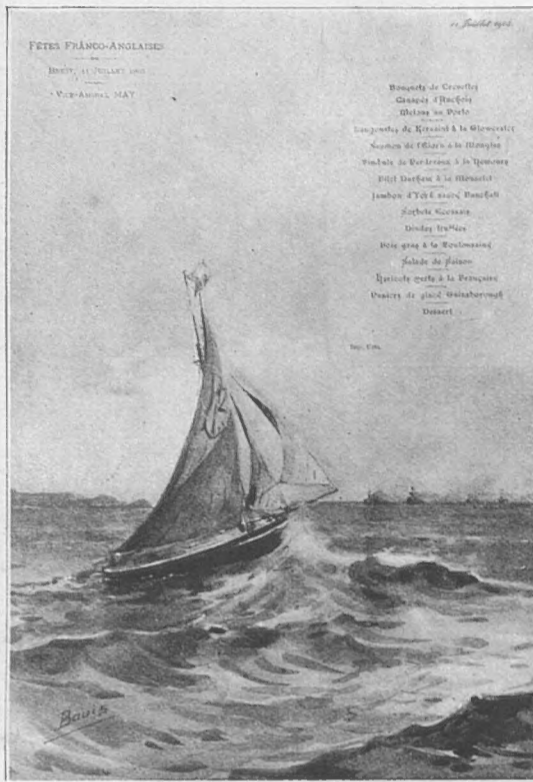
A feature of the Season of 1905 has been the number of great balls given at historic houses and graced by the presence of Royalty. This has, perhaps, been owing to the fact that Society has had to entertain two Royal débutantes, the pretty daughter of Princess Beatrice, and the latter's niece, Princess Beatrice of Coburg. Perhaps the most interesting of these dances was that given by the Duchess of Sutherland at Stafford House in honour of the début of her niece, Miss Ivy Gordon-Lennox, who bids fair to be as noted a beauty as was another of her aunts, Lady Warwick, when she first burst upon the world as Miss Daisy Maynard. The Duke and Duchess of Wellington gave their first ball at Apsley House, and Mary, Duchess of Hamilton, gave a delightful dance at Claridge's. The bachelor host was Lord Leconfield, for now it has become the fashion for young men to give dances. Most notable of all of these functions was the Royal dance at Kensington Palace; Princess Henry of Battenberg is an admirable hostess, and it is said that she will entertain a great deal next winter.

Novelty in Entertainment.

There is a big demand by hostesses for some novel form of entertainment just now. A few years ago, it sufficed to give a big party and engage the greatest living singers; but every rich man and woman does that to-day, and the novelty has worn thin. Even the high fees cease to create any special attention, though, *en passant*, one may notice that Melba's fee for singing at a concert given recently by Mr. Astor was five hundred guineas, while Caruso received three hundred and fifty for his contributions to a rather notorious banquet given in town a week or two ago. But I learn that the very latest novelty of all is supplied by the Pigmies, who have been seen lately at fashionable garden-parties. A good orchestra is an excellent thing, two or three good orchestras are better still; fine singers are welcome too, but before real live Pigmies from Equatoria mere music must bow its diminished head. They constitute the real star turn.

Caruso and the Cook.

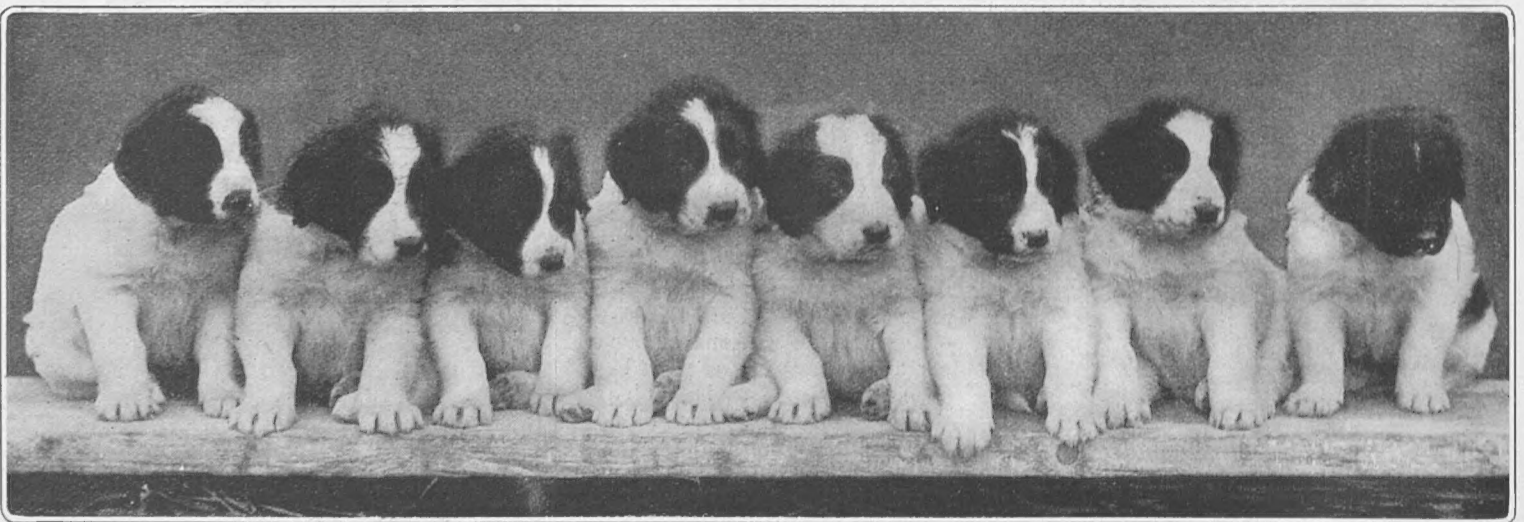
It is common knowledge that Signor Caruso, the famous tenor, is one of the kindest and most generous of men; but he does good by stealth, and few details of the little, odd kindnesses he is responsible for are known outside his own circle. But we hear an amusing story about him that seems worth setting down, for it is quite true. The great singer was dining out the other evening, and his hostess told him that he had no more sincere admirer than her cook, who was madly enthusiastic about his singing, and really understood something about music. Caruso said nothing until dinner was over, and then asked his hostess



THE FRATERNISING OF JACK AND JACQUES AT BREST: THE MENU FOR THE LUNCHEON ON JULY 11.

The officers of the British ships, whose visit to Brest has just concluded, were entertained at luncheon at the Préfecture Maritime on the morning after their arrival. The guests were received by Vice-Admiral Pephau, and the famous Musique des Equipages de la Flotte played during the luncheon. Vice-Admiral Pephau proposed the health of the King and Queen, of the Royal Family, and of the British Navy, and Vice-Admiral Sir William May, in reply, the health of President Loubet, of the Maritime Prefect, of the officers of the French Navy and Army, and of the inhabitants of Brest.

Photograph by Gribayéloff.



THE ROLL - CALL.

carried out in its utmost perfection. The great Indian Princes take very kindly to Western menus, and many a French *cordon bleu* has found fame as well as fortune in the Far East. It will be strange indeed if Westerns take to plain living and high thinking just at the time when India, China, and Japan wake up to the delights of a £5,000 kitchen.

that he might be taken to the kitchen. Rather puzzled and amused, the lady agreed, and conducted him there. The cook was summoned, Caruso shook her hand and congratulated her upon her achievements. And on the following day he sent her tickets for the night of his next appearance at the Opera. It is, of course, to be hoped that association with a great singer will not lead the cook to give herself airs.

SWEDEN WELCOMES HER FUTURE QUEEN: PRINCESS MARGARET'S ENTRY INTO STOCKHOLM.



SWEDISH SOLDIERLY ON THEIR WAY TO SALUTE THEIR FUTURE QUEEN.

Prince and Princess Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden met with a splendid reception on their arrival in Stockholm on July 9. As the Royal sloop "Vasa," which had conveyed their Royal Highnesses from Nynaes, drew alongside the landing-stage, the warships in the harbour and the batteries on the shore fired salutes, while the huge crowds on the quays cheered enthusiastically. Official proceedings commenced with a formal greeting from the Chief Burgomaster of the capital, to which the Prince replied.—

The King and Queen of Sweden.



PRINCE AND PRINCESS GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS OF SWEDEN DRIVING FROM THE HARBOUR
AMIDST THE PLAUDITS OF AN ENORMOUS CROWD.

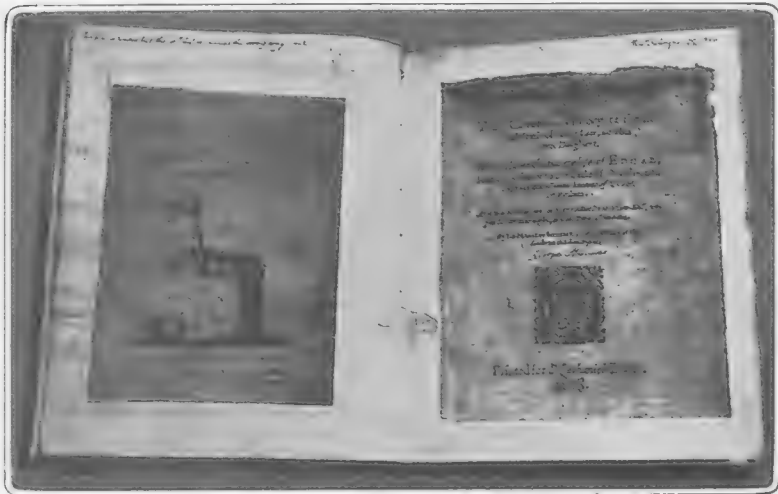
—Their Royal Highnesses then took their places in the Royal carriage, and, followed and preceded by cavalry, drove through the troop-lined streets. At the Palace they were received by the other members of the Royal Family, and at five o'clock a State "Te Deum" was celebrated in the Royal Chapel. In the left foreground of the second of our photographs is the King's Palace, on the roof of which are seen the King and Queen of Sweden.

Photographs by "Topical Press,"

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

ALAS for the woes of the "distressful country." For long years the Irishman has dominated politics, transferring his support with considerable assurance to the Party that seemed most inclined to help him towards the realisation of his ideals. Always witty, well-dressed, eloquent, and picturesque, he has added to the gaiety of Parliament, even if he has not advanced its procedure. He has been hitherto in the pleasant position of being able to hinder the achievements of his natural enemies. And now in one fell swoop,



THE BOOM IN THE DISCOVERY OF SHAKSPEARE QUARTOS:
THE "KING LEAR," SOLD BY MESSRS. SOTHEY.

There has been quite a boom during the last week or two in the discovery of Shakspeare quartos. The little Buckinghamshire village of Great Missenden has yielded a "Richard III.," a "Richard II.," a "King Lear," "The First and Second Parts of Henry IV.," and "The Merchant of Venice," all supposed to have belonged at one time to Admiral Sir William Penn, father of the founder of Pennsylvania, who lived in Bucks, and whose autograph appears on the "Second Part of Henry IV." By courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby, we are able to illustrate the "King Lear," which has on its title-page the following: "Mr. William Shakspeare, his True Chronicle History of the life and death of King Lear, and his three daughters. With the unfortunate life of Edgar, sonne and heire to the Earle of Glocester, and his sullen and assumed humour of Tom of Bedlam, As it was plaide before the Kings Majesty at White-Hall, upon S. Stephens night, in Christmas Hollidaies. By his Majesties Servants, playing usually at the Globe on the Bank-side. Printed for Nathaniel Butter. 1608."

Redistribution is to clip his wings. He will be compelled to make up in eloquence for what he lacks in numbers, and in these days, when eloquence does not really matter, the outlook for him is a very serious one.

The Cry of Distress.

What an outcry there will be, from Londonderry to Cork, from the wilds of Connemara to Dublin Bay! But that the Irishman is always crying out, the burst of eloquence to be expected now might well bring the hated Saxon to a sense of shame; as things are, I fear that this side of Mr. Balfour's Redistribution Bill will be absurdly popular with all classes that go to Parliament to conduct the country's business. When the new suggestion becomes law, and the Irish minority is shorn of its strength, business will prosper; but Parliament will be duller than ever. Unfortunately, too, for the distressful country, she has no patriots at present whose eloquence is of the sort that will not be denied. In fact, she may even be induced to make the best of a bad bargain, realise the impossibility of Home Rule, and look for concessions of another sort.

Britons and Bull- fights.

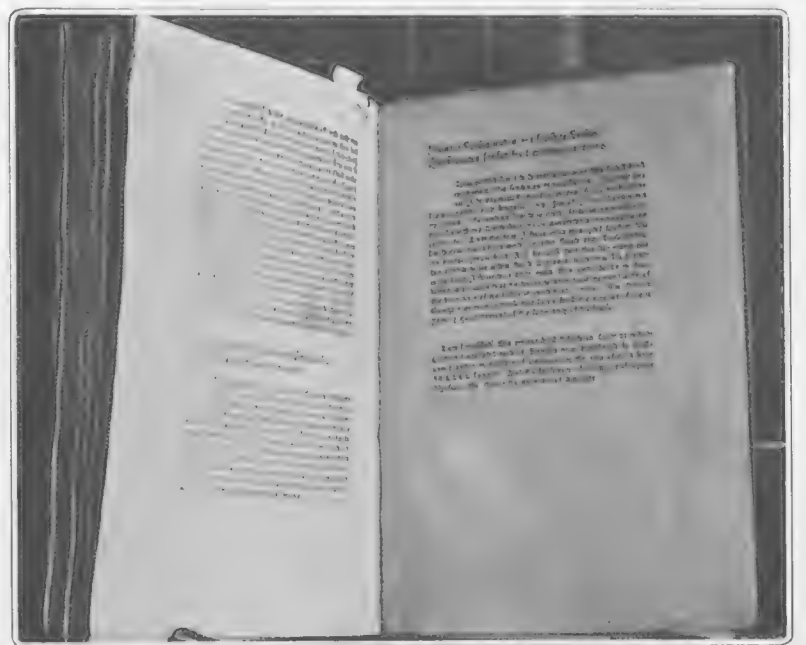
I am waiting for fresh protests from the Humanitarian League, for I read in my morning paper that Lord Charles Beresford and his merry men have been received with open arms by the authorities of Barcelona, and have been treated to a bull-fight. Now a bull-fight at Barcelona is a very sanguinary affair indeed, for the city has one of the largest Plazas de Toros in Spain, and only the first-class matadors can hope to be allowed to exercise their skill theré. The slaughter of six bulls and from fifteen to twenty miserable horses constitutes an average afternoon's entertainment at one of these first-class arenas. Not only did the sailors go there, but I read that the leading matador dedicated his first bull to Lord Beresford, and that the gallant sailor responded to the compliment with a gift of £20. All this will be gall and wormwood to the humanitarians, and really it is a pity that our present enthusiasm for Spain and things Spanish should lead to the public support of a form of entertainment that is more cruel and degrading than anything I have ever seen in my not inconsiderable travels. A Spanish Cabinet has made a strong effort to put an end to bull-fighting, which, in effect, robs a poor country of very many thousands

a year. Their efforts were never very likely to be crowned with success, and the publicity attending Lord Beresford's patronage of the arena will make the task of the reformers more difficult than ever. And yet, if Spain is to rise to the level that obtains across the Pyrenees, the matador and his followers must needs go.

Peace Prospects.

Really it looks as if our legislators will be able to shoot their grouse in peace. The advent of real summer-weather seems to have convinced most sensible people that war and preparations for war are not seasonable occupations just now. At Portsmouth in New Hampshire, U.S.A., the Japanese and Russian Envoys will, we hope, smoke the pipe of peace and agree between them to persuade General Kuropatkin to withdraw from his original intention of not allowing any Japanese to leave Manchuria alive. This intention has been overlooked, together with a good many others formulated by the unfortunate Russian General; but I have always had it in my mind as a possible bar to peace. In another part of the world, the exceedingly picturesque, sun-stricken city of Fez, the French and German Missions that went to make what mischief they could are being withdrawn by mutual consent of their masters, and it is probable that Mr. Lowther will be permitted to return to the coast and enjoy such summer breezes as Tangier affords. Norway and Sweden have wisely decided that they have nothing to fight about—in fact, the possibilities of dual kingship in Scandinavia are no longer treated as matter for a quarrel; the *Potenkin* is once more the glory of the Russian Fleet, or will be after a few repairs; even the Social Democrats of France and Germany must be turning their serious attentions to holiday-making; and if there is a crisis in Austria-Hungary, it is, at least, no worse than usual.

Now that Prince Arisugawa has left these islands and is on the way back to his own, I suppose it is permissible to venture the suggestion that the very distinguished gentleman came over here on the business of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. His association with the Japanese Court, his proximity to the Mikado, and his rather intimate and personal knowledge of this country all point to him as being the person most likely to conduct such negotiations as cannot well be carried on through the medium of Embassies. For my own part, I am well content to wonder where the Opposition will find a grievance should an Anglo-Japanese Alliance of an offensive and defensive kind take the place of the present arrangement. Seeing that it will give us a burden that we are well qualified to bear, and will remove from us certain responsibilities we are not



THE "BOOK CALLED CATON," PRINTED "IN THABWAY OF WEST-MYNSTRE": THE CANTON SOLD TO MR. QUARITCH FOR £1,350

The 1483 perfect copy of the "book called Caton" is one of eight known, and it is the only Caton of the first order to appear at an auction since 1902. It is interesting to note, in view of the large price realised, that two hundred years after issue a copy fetched three shillings in the Dr. Bernard sale, and that the Ashburnham copy realised £295 in 1897, and another copy £360 in 1899.

Photograph by Park.

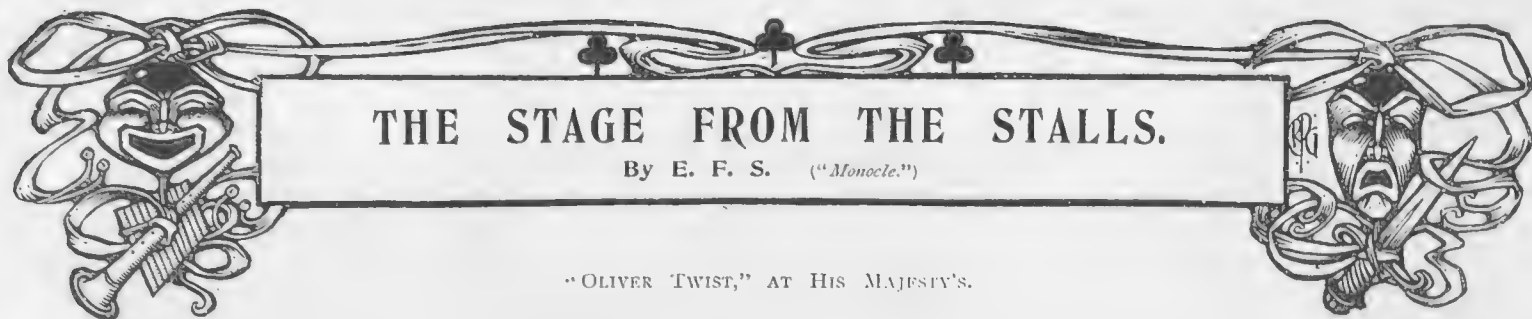
quite prepared to face, such an alliance would be so very beneficial that I feel almost sorry for the poor, unfortunate politicians who must oppose it on principle, just because it is part of their business to condemn every movement they do not originate.

"DULCIE BABORI"



MISS OLIVE MORRELL, WHO SINGS "GENTLY," THE MOST POPULAR SONG
IN "THE SPRING CHICKEN," AT THE GAIETY.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"OLIVER TWIST," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

THE old birds naturally imagined that Mr. Beerbohm Tree was not likely to go to the trouble of producing "Oliver Twist" for one night only, since none of them could believe easily that a man of his intelligence and keen artistic instinct would find in an adaptation of this kind any great personal gratification or think that it would add any lustre to the records of his handsome theatre. The murder was out at the end of the evening, when it became obvious that the piece had been tried on the dogs—I do not refer to the



Mlle. ARLETTE DORGÈRE,

OF THE MARIGNY, AND THE SCALA, PARIS.

Photograph by Reutlinger; Copyright by the Rotary Photo. Co.

unhappy mongrel which enjoyed the unfortunate honour of belonging to Bill Sikes—and that the vociferous barking of the audience had decided Mr. Tree to choose the piece as his *chien de bataille* for his coming season, even if the critics were to growl and snarl a little. In the records of His Majesty's Theatre—the superb new house, I mean—there have been plays of many kinds, but none of them have possessed smaller claims to serious consideration than the present piece, although in saying this I do not suggest that, so far as execution is concerned, it stands below the level; indeed, it may well be that Mr. Comyns Carr has constructed the best of the many stage-versions of "Oliver Twist" that have seen the footlights. The earlier are beyond my recollection, and I resisted the temptation to buy the "book of the words" that was pressed upon me outside the theatre, well knowing that it did not represent what I was going to see in the house. An artistic version of the curious, grim story is hardly within the range of practical politics. The adapter of most of the novels of Dickens finds himself faced by a very sharp-horned dilemma. If he does not pack in a great deal of Dickens he will be heartily denounced by the devotees, or if he makes any radical changes he will be trounced severely. On the other hand, if he is slavishly faithful, in order to escape chastisement, the outcome of his efforts is certain to seem curiously mechanical. Moreover, he is likely to offend in both directions. The Aramaic term for translating, "targem," involves the figure of throwing a bundle of sticks over a river—this splendid piece of erudition is a little, second-hand bit from Posnett's "Comparative Literature"; "targem" may very well be applied to adapting, and the adapter of the targem Dickens novels is very lucky if more than a few sticks out of his bundle get across the stream. Nor has he much chance of making a novel design out of them. I dare say that no one could have thrown more of his sticks across the footlights than Mr. Comyns Carr, but those that arrive are hardly sufficient to set the Thames on fire, or, at least, this side of the Thames, for the play has rather an other-side flavour.

It has already been suggested in a trifling figure that there was a good deal of applause, yet it may be doubted whether the playgoers who visit this theatre in the hope, rarely disappointed, of obtaining intellectual pleasure will take very kindly to "Oliver." One may ask whether the better classes of playgoers—a term not necessarily involving any reference to the social hierarchy—are likely to find pleasure in anything so painful and unimaginative as this gloomy melodrama. It has its moments of rather repulsive, sordid humour, and its minutes of horror, grim, physical horror; but, so far as I can see, the touch of the something to which one applies the bewildering term genius, that has rendered "Oliver Twist" immortal, is lacking. "Oliver Twist," without the touch of genius, is unpleasant, and not very interesting: it is Eugène Sue transported to London. There are those who have always felt that the author of "Le Juif Errant"

ought to have been transported. A comparison may, perhaps, be instructive. "Business is Business," which, under normal circumstances, would have enjoyed the prosperous run deserved by it, yet denied, showed Mr. Tree in the part of an infamous Jew who may be considered, in relation to his Fagin, the chief matter of the present play. For Oliver himself is little more than an unimportant, pitiful boy. If it were necessary to have a young woman to present the part of the eleven-year-old pauper—and the necessity is deplorable—any student of the London stage would have named Miss Hilda Trevelyan as one of the best two or three, but all her skill failed to enable her to render Oliver interesting. Now, as Isidore, a really repulsive fellow, Mr. Tree, despite the note of caricature, a note sounded perhaps a little too loudly, was intensely interesting. There was a complex, curious, detestable creature, highly individualised by elaborate, nice touches of stage-painting. Isidore was a man, and not a mere collection of base passions, symbolised or embodied. Fagin on the stage, perhaps in the book too, is not a person about whom one has any curiosity. He is the contemptible "fence," the faithless receiver, of many stories. His cruelty, cowardice, dishonesty, and treachery under particular circumstances are slightly complicated by the fact that he is a Jew, which, however, does not materially affect his character. It is not alleged that Isidore is a Jew, but one guesses the fact. Fagin is announced to be a Jew, is made up very cleverly in order to follow the book-illustration with a sort of figure which I believe appears on the Propagandist placards in Russia; but the character of the part is not really Jewish at all. In fact, in the one case there is nothing but the make-up and manner of Mr. Tree, in the other there is a strange, dangerous, human being. These remarks have nothing to do with the cleverness of the actor's work, with the ingenuity of his lisp and Cockney twist of speech, or with his exhibition of base, cowardly terror in the sort of Polish Jew imagining of his deserved doom. At the bottom he is just as much a commonplace melodrama villain as the gloomy, portentous Mr. Monks.

There is another side to the matter. A vigorous, complicated story of crime and punishment, soft sentiment and reward, is told quite effectively, with rather clever comic scenes, as in the thieves' kitchen, and strong notes of horror, as when Bill Sikes orders Nancy into the other room, so that she may be beaten to death out of sight of the audience, which is only to be thrilled by the sounds of slaughter. Bill himself, presented by Mr. Lyn Harding, was a rather striking picture of brute force; though I am sure that he would have clumped about in his boots like a policeman on the war-path and been a total failure as a burglar. Miss Constance Collier came as near to realising Nancy as the politeness of the stage will permit. One cannot pretend that the part seemed lifelike, but she acted with a good deal of force and admirable sincerity. Mr. Fisher White was an excellent Mr. Brownlow. In the part of Mr. Grimwig, an excellent low-comedian, Mr. George Shelton, gave an able performance. There was not much to be done with the characters of Mrs. Maylie and Rose Maylie, but Miss Adela Measor and Miss Sybil Carlisle played excellently. I suppose that Bumble, and the Artful Dodger, and Bates and Barney were as funny as circumstances would allow. They seemed a little bit disappointing. After all, you cannot get the spirit of Dickens across the footlights—many plays have shown that—yet "Oliver Twist" is a strong if somewhat old-fashioned piece.



MR. CHARLES V. FRANCE,

WHO PLAYED PATRICK MURIEL, M.D., IN "THE AXIS," AT THE CRITERION.

Photograph by the Biograph Company.

MAN'S NATURAL AND BEST IMITATOR IN THE ANIMAL WORLD:

A REMARKABLE MONKEY.



"GENERAL CONSUL," WHO, IT IS CLAIMED, IS THE MOST PERFECTLY TRAINED MONKEY IN THE WORLD, PERFORMING SOME OF HIS TRICKS.

"General Consul," who has been trained by Mr. A. Wilson, and has recently been performing in a Berlin Theatre, is considered to be the most perfectly trained monkey living, and to surpass "Consul," who, it will be remembered, died some while ago after a brief season in this country. His imitation of man is not confined to his public performances, for it is stated that he dresses himself in the morning, and takes his breakfast in more or less human fashion, pretending to read the paper during the meal.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

MR SWINBURNE'S NOVEL.*

MR. SWINBURNE tells us that to Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, as might have been expected, is due the disinterment of "this buried bantling." It belongs to the poet's "literary youth"; but he gives no date to the composition. From Mr. Julian Hawthorne we learn that it was originally published in 1879 in a weekly periodical called the *Taller*, conducted by Mr. R. E. Francillon, who counted on a novel by Mr. Swinburne to make his journal famous. So it might have done, if the author had permitted his name to appear; but he insisted on being called "Mrs. Horace Manners." The poet was fearful, it seems, of this venture of his in the unaccustomed character of the novelist; and when the public took no heed of "Mrs. Horace Manners," he buried the bantling. This was a pity. The form of it can scarcely be called happy. Mr. Swinburne says with truth that even the giant genius of Balzac could not restore the old epistolary form of fiction to the favour it enjoyed in the days of Richardson and Lovelace. In a Prologue of some forty pages we have an entertaining sketch of the principal characters; then, after a considerable lapse of time, the Year's Letters begin. Anyone can see that it would have been far better to adhere to the narrative. Mr. Swinburne would have done himself and his characters more justice that way. The fault of the Prologue is that there is rather a difficult tangle of family lineage. It is not easy to say who is who. The Cheynes and their kindred are so mixed up that the reader has constantly to recall with an effort that Reginald Harewood is Amicia Stanford's half-brother, because Amicia's mother eloped with Mr. Stanford, leaving her son Reginald in the care of his grim, conscientious, and rather priggish father. When he has described one generation of Cheynes, Mr. Swinburne cheerfully remarks: "We must go some way back and bring up a fresh set of characters, so as to get things clear at starting." They are not at all clear, either at the start or any other point. Lady Midhurst emerges from the tangle; she is the grandmother of Reginald and Amicia; she is the principal letter-writer of the family, a worldly, intriguing, very able old woman, quite admirably drawn. Old Lord Cheyne, a philanthropist "in daily correspondence with some dozens of societies for the propagation and suppression of Heaven knows what," had a son who was worthy of him. With much difficulty one disentangles the fact that his younger brother, John Cheyne, is uncle of the eloping lady. His children, Francis and Clara, figure prominently in the ensuing letters. Francis is in love with Amicia, who is married to another Cheyne; and Clara, who marries Ernest Radworth, a scientific person with the habit, when annoyed, of reading a treatise on fish-bones as manure, is beloved of that very indiscreet young man, Reginald Harewood.

These bewildering relationships might have been straightened out if Mr. Swinburne had not compressed his introductory narrative into so small a compass. Moreover, it is a delightful piece of writing, and the reader is sorry to see the end of it. There is room enough for just one scene. Reginald, aged eleven, makes his first acquaintance with Francis Cheyne, aged nine. The conversation turns upon "swishing." Reginald is an authority on this subject, for his father and his school preceptors "swish" him freely—

"Does your father often flog you?"

"I was never flogged in my life," said Frank, sensible of his deep degradation.

Reginald, as a boy of the world, could stand a good deal without surprise; experience of men and things had inured him to much that was curious and out of the usual way. But at the shock of this monstrous and incredible assertion he was thrown right off his balance. He got off the parapet, leaned his shoulders against it, and gazed upon the boy, to whom birch was a dim, dubious myth, a jocose threat

after dinner, with eyebrows wonderfully high up, and distended eyelids. Then he said, "Good—God!" softly, and dividing the syllables with hushed breath.

He proceeds to freeze the young blood of his companion with tales of "swishing," though he does it with conscientious reluctance. "I won't tell a little fellow, I think: it's a shame to go and put them in a funk. Some fellows are always trying it on for a spree. I never do. No, my good fellow, you'd better not ask me. You had really." But he is persuaded, and gives the details with "a dreadful unction." "A flogging was an affair of honour to him: if he came off without tears, although with loss of blood, he regarded the master with chivalrous pity, as a brave enemy worsted!" So proud is he of his birchings that he hands his riding-whip to Francis. "Give me a cut as hard as you possibly can . . . I should like it. Do, there's a good fellow. I want to see if you could hurt me."

The trodden worm turned and stung. Driven mad by patronage, and all the more savage because of his deep admiration, Frank could not let the chance slip. He took sharp aim, set his teeth, and, swinging all his body round with the force of the blow as he dealt it, brought down the whip on the tightest part he could pick out, with a vicious vigour and stinging skill. He had a moment's sip of pure honey; Reginald jumped a foot high, and yelled. But in another minute, before Frank had got his breath again, the boy turned round, rubbing hard with one hand, patted him, and delivered a "Well done!" more stinging than a dozen cuts. Frank succumbed.

This scene is the gem of the book. There are plenty of indications that if Mr. Swinburne had pursued the same method with the rest of his story, he would have made Reginald and Frank quite as vivid when they came to manhood as they were in that boyish encounter. Letters make a cramped and disjointed medium for a novel; but these are excellent letters. Old Lady Midhurst declines to be "a screeching, cackling grandmother, running round the yard with all her frowsy old feathers ruffled" by a family scandal; but she has a marvellous instinct for any inkling of such, and intervenes with a vigilance and point not always relished by other members of the family. Clara, whose relation to Lady Midhurst may exercise the reader's faculties very strenuously on a wet afternoon, is furious with the old lady's habit of sniffing danger in the best-regulated domestic circles. "It is curious to remember what one always heard about her wit and insight and power of reading character: she has fallen into a sort of hashed style, between a French *portière* and a Dickens nurse." This is the explosive irritation of a woman whose husband is absorbed in fish-manure. Reginald, now a graceless youth who has been

ploughed at Oxford, makes love to Clara, and writes very well in the injured-lady-be-mine-and-let-us-fly-together style. They do not fly. Nor does the affair between Frank and Amicia come to anything. Her husband is drowned, and she might marry the other; but she has a baby, and regards it as a pledge of fidelity to the dead.

Writing of the child and the mother, Lady Midhurst has a moment when she forgets to be cynical. "She makes a delicious double to her baby, lying in a tumbled, tortuous nest or net of hair with golden linings, with tired, relieved eyes, and a face that flashes and subsides every five minutes with a weary pleasure—she glitters and undulates at every sight of the child as if it were the sun and she water in the light of it. You see how lyrical one may become at an age when one's grandchildren have babies." Lyrical indeed, and in Mr. Swinburne's best lyrical prose, vastly better than the prose he writes now! The old woman is in another mood when she rejects the ordinary forms of condolence with a young widow. "Have as little as you can to do with fear, repentance, or retrospection of any kind. Fear is unprofitable; to look back will weaken your head. As for repentance, it never did good or undid harm." "Heathenish and hard" is Lady Midhurst's account of herself; but she is interesting always, and makes one regret that Mr. Swinburne gave so little of himself to a composition which is full of ideas, and so much to a purely lyrical expression, wherein the sound is great and the ideas but scanty

L. F. AUSTIN.



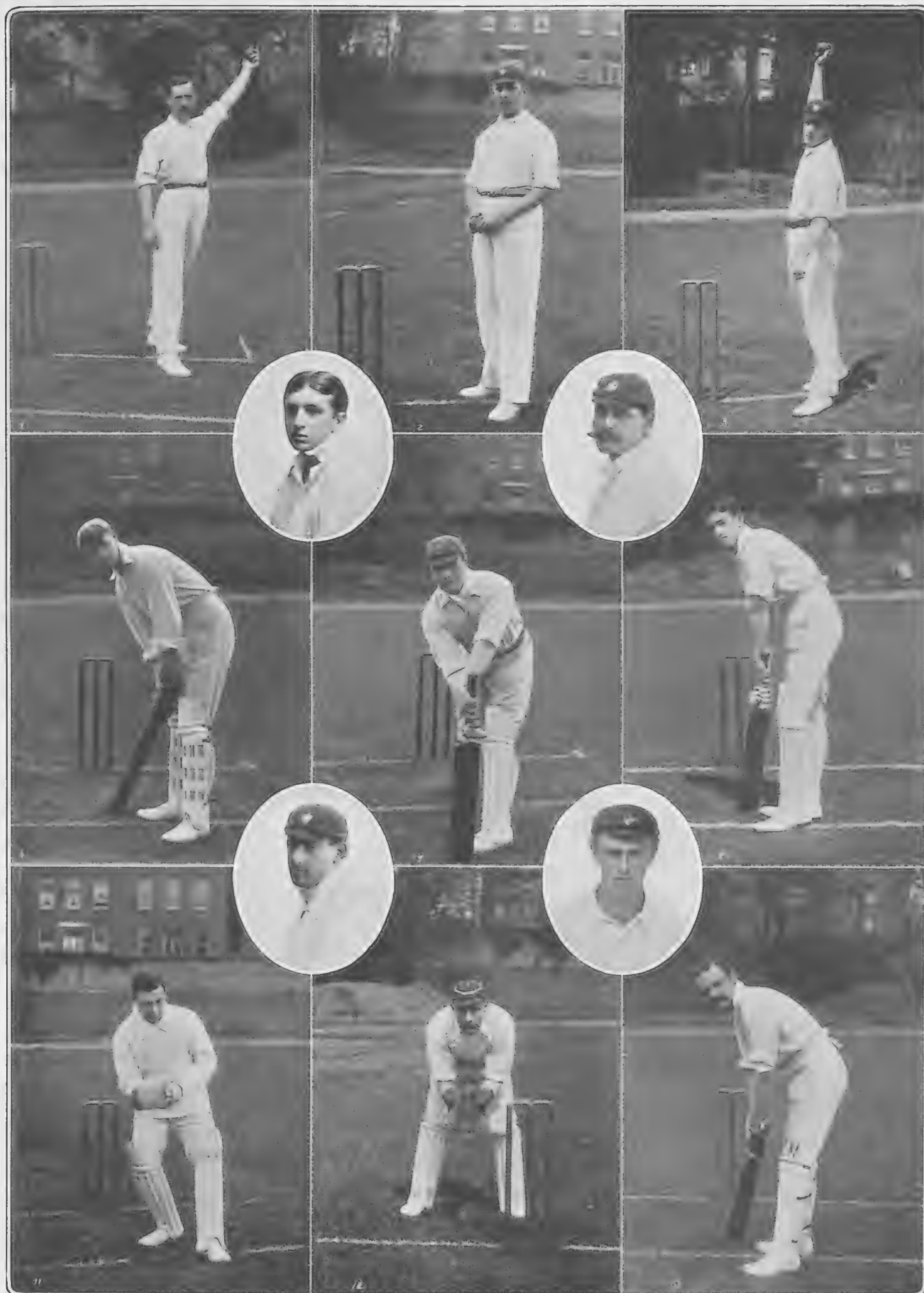
"MRS. HORACE MANNERS": MR. SWINBURNE, WHO HAS REPUBLISHED "LOVE'S CROSS-CURRENTS: A YEAR'S LETTERS."

"Love's Cross-Currents: A Year's Letters," was originally published, under its second title, in 1879. At that time, however, Mr. Swinburne would not sign it, and it appeared as by "Mrs. Horace Manners."

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

* "Love's Cross-Currents: A Year's Letters." By Algernon Charles Swinburne. London: Chatto and Windus.

COUNTY CRICKET: THE FIRST-CLASS TEAMS.—VI. GLOUCESTERSHIRE.



1. DENNETT. 2. HUGGINS. 3. MILLS. 4. E. A. BARNETT. 5. WRATHALL. 6. L. T. BROWNLEE. 7. G. L. JESSOP (CAPTAIN).
8. R. T. GODSELL. 9. LANGDON. 10. C. L. TOWNSEND. 11. W. S. A. BROWN. 12. BOARD. 13. F. E. THOMAS.

Photographs by Foster.

STUFF AND NONSENSE.



MOTHER: Come along; don't be frightened; he's stuffed!

CHILD: Yes, but he may have room for a little chap like me!

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.

SOME BALL-ROOM TYPES: PARTNERS WE HAVE ALL MET.



V.--THE CLUMSY, OVER-ENERGETIC MAN.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE one subject of conversation in book circles is the proposal of the *Times* to establish a circulating library for its subscribers.

The organs of the bookselling trade write in alarmed but respectful protest. The *Publishers' Circular* says: "The *Times* used to be a great national institution of which even its political enemies were proud. Why should it thus ruthlessly drive—like some Juggernaut-car—over the members of an honourable trade who throughout the whole country for more than a century have helped to make its fortunes? In the name of Justice we ask the Thunderer to hesitate before it launches this new thunderbolt at an honourable, ancient, and not wealthy body of its fellow-countrymen, and, at any rate, to let the booksellers in some way benefit by the new scheme." The *Bookseller* says: "Retail booksellers, as such, can hardly be expected to welcome so serious a competitor with open arms, particularly as the *Times*, in its recent developments, has not treated them with any undue consideration. Unfortunately, any protest they may make will probably be regarded . . . as the interested objection of traders who resent the advent of a new competitor."

I understand that a special meeting of the Council of the Publishers' Association has been summoned to consider and discuss the proposals brought forward by the *Times* for a bookselling establishment. Undoubtedly, if there is any reason for a Publishers' Association at all, the reason is to be found in such crises as the present. It is understood that at least two or three of the leading publishers have already given in their adhesion to the *Times* plan. The point of difficulty is that, if I am rightly informed, the *Times* stipulates that for five years those firms that subscribe its articles must not supply books to any other newspaper. With all respect for the *Times*, it has to be admitted that the circulation of a threepenny paper must necessarily be much less than that of cheaper contemporaries. Suppose those cheaper contemporaries should resolve to supply books direct, are the publishers to be debarred from co-operation with them because they have already signed the *Times* agreement?

The whole question is whether the possible book-buying public has been fully reached. There are those who say that the booksellers have done their very best, and have found all the customers available in the population. There are others who maintain that only the fringe has been touched. They say that the booksellers have supplied the needs of those who have gone straight to their shops and asked them for books; but they have not touched those who would be willing to buy books if the books were brought to them, shown to them, and properly canvassed. I do not pretend to decide a question of that kind. What may be said is that probably the subscribers for the *Times*, embracing as they do the most influential, wealthy, and lettered class of the community, can have books if they choose to have them. But if there is anywhere the possibility of development, it is to

be found among the masses, and there is no doubt that the masses can be more quickly and cheaply reached by a great, low-priced newspaper than by any other means whatsoever.

How far is it the duty of biographers to judge the moral conduct of their subjects? The question is raised pretty sharply by Mr. A. C. Benson, who has contributed to Messrs. Macmillan's excellent series, "English Men of Letters," a volume on Edward FitzGerald. Mr. Benson was for long a master at Eton, and an Eton master is necessarily, and quite rightly, a moralist of the first degree. Mr. Benson has given over teaching, I believe, and devoted himself to literature. This is for the good of the public, for he is an expert and accomplished craftsman. Nor have we any right to be surprised that he has taken over the moralising habits of Eton into his retirement at Cambridge. Still, the running fire of comment with which he accompanies his *Life of FitzGerald* will irritate some minds. Mr. Benson is Miss Cornelia Blimber over again. He analyses precisely in the same way as Miss Blimber analyses Paul Dombey—

"Analysis," resumed Miss Blimber, casting her eye over the paper, "of the character of P. Dombey. I find that the natural capacity of Dombey is extremely good; and that his general disposition to study may be stated in an equal ratio. Thus, taking eight as our standard and highest number, I find these qualities in Dombey stated each at six three-fourths!" Miss Blimber paused to see how Paul received this news. He rubbed his eyes and looked straight at Miss Blimber. It happened to answer as well as anything else he could have done; and Cornelia proceeded. "Violence two. Selfishness two. Inclination to low company, as evinced in the case of a person named Glubb, originally seven, but since reduced. Gentlemanly demeanour four and improving with advancing years. Now what I particularly wish to call your attention to, Dombey, is the general observation at the close of this analysis." Paul set himself to follow it with great care.

"It may be generally observed of Dombey," said Miss Blimber, reading in a loud voice and at every second word directing her spectacles towards the little figure before her, "that his abilities and inclinations are good and that he has made as much progress as under the circumstances could have been expected. But it is to be lamented of this young gentleman that he is singularly what is usually termed old-fashioned in his character and conduct, and that, without presenting anything

in either which distinctly calls for reprobation, he is often very unlike other young gentlemen of his age and social position." Now, Dombey," said Miss Blimber, laying down the paper, "do you understand that?"

"I think I do, Ma'am," said Paul.

"This analysis, you see, Dombey," Miss Blimber continued, "is going to be sent home to your respected parent. It will naturally be very painful to him to find that you are singular in your character and conduct. It is naturally painful to us; for we can't like you, Dombey, as well as we could wish."

It is painful to us who loved FitzGerald to read Mr. Benson's censorious observations on his conduct, but we do not in the least agree with him. We think that FitzGerald had a right to lead his life as he pleased, and we also think that he led it in the best possible way for the interests of his fellow-creatures, bequeathing to us as he did his "Omar" and his letters. Very few men of the nineteenth century have left the race such a legacy. Mr. Benson has many elements of a good critic, and may yet serve us well if he can drop the mental and moral habits of a schoolmaster.

O. O.



THE PLEASANTEST MOMENT OF HIS LIFE!

THE BOY: Look out, father! Here's a bull coming straight for us.

DRAWN BY FRED BUCHANAN.

Concerning Kisses.



IV.—THE WASTED KISS.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

THE REVIVAL OF THE GREATEST OF THE NATIONAL FESTIVALS OF GREECE,
THE OLYMPIC GAMES.



THE SCENE OF THE PUBLIC GAMES, ORIGINALLY GIVEN IN HONOUR OF ZEUS, WHICH ARE TO BE RECOMMENCED
NEXT YEAR AT ATHENS.

An attempt to revive the greatest of the four Panhellenic festivals of the ancient Greeks, the Olympic Games, is to be made, the proposal being that the first meeting shall be next year and that there shall be the customary interval of four years between each. The orthodox events—that is to say, the Marathon race (40 kilometres), throwing the disc, wrestling in the Greek and Roman styles, and so forth—will be mingled with cricket, shooting, fencing, lawn-tennis, and boat-racing.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE SCANDALS OF SIGNA.

By DOLF WYLLARDE.

No. I.—SIGNA AND THE GUIDE.

SIGNA could speak Portuguese—that was the first cause of the trouble. And the Guide was handsome—that was the second.

Lady Jane had gone out to Madeira that year, in preference to the Continent, because of Signa's performances at Monte Carlo and Spa. She said she thought it would be quieter, and there seemed to be less scope for Signa's genius. We were all very sorry for Lady Jane, but we all felt that it must be her fault originally, for having evolved such a daughter. The elder girls were so satisfactory! It had been the easiest thing possible to marry them into adequate positions—Muriel to the State, and Elizabeth so high up in the Law that a peerage was inevitable in the course of time. A chaperon's duties were a mere bagatelle with such charges; even as a mother, Lady Jane acknowledged herself singularly favoured by Providence. But in those days Signa was in the school-room, and her delinquencies were limited to ink-stains and a flirtation with the milk-boy.

Signa was delightful; but, as the Duchess said, solemnly, to her daughter, "She must be a Churston, my love—she does not belong to our family!"—which possibly referred to the tractable qualities so successfully cultivated by her Grace in her own girls. Signa did not get on with her grandmother.

It was the third day after their landing at Funchal that Signa discovered Manoel. She had found the place dull, and could not seek the Casino for diversion, having promised Noel Verney that she would not play for the space of twelve months. I respect Captain Verney as a man of the world, with a knowledge of human nature, but that time he made a mistake. If he had not forbidden Signa the tables, she would not have turned to Manoel and his wicker sleigh for a diversion, and, on the whole, even roulette was safer for Signa.

"I have found something to do!" she said, jubilantly, one afternoon, breaking into the room where Lady Jane was gently dosing. "It is not much, but it will save me from melancholia." (Lady Jane looked her desperate question.) "No, it is nothing very awful—it is sleighing. At present, I feel as if I could sleigh all day and all night—it is better than tobogganing, and, I fancy, more dangerous. You go up the mountains as high as you can get by carro or train or hammock, and then you take a basket-work sleigh and come down over those cobbled roads as fast as—as Lady Bloomfield!" said Signa, with an irrelevant comparison born of her recovered spirits.

Lady Jane sighed. "I hope the sleighs are clean!" she remarked.

Signa had not thought to add that the sleigh was worked by, and in charge of, a singularly handsome young Portuguese to whom she had chattered in his own tongue. When her brother was Attaché at Lisbon, she had stayed with him for six months, during which she had learned Portuguese, and—but Lady Jane does not like to recall that time, and we are none of us cruel enough to refer to Senhor José. The natives are not, as a rule, beautiful to look upon in Madeira, but Manoel was an exception. He was very slight and graceful in build, and his rough dress looked picturesque on him instead of clumsy. His face was olive-skinned, and his eyes liquid and expressive. He was more earnest than he looked, and far more passionate, but that Signa did not take into consideration.

She appropriated the young Guide and his sleigh to herself, and in the space of one week had so far absorbed him, body and soul, that it became a recognised thing that Manoel and his sleigh were only at the convenience of Menina Churston, to the non-recognition of other customers. The rest of the mountaineers shrugged their shoulders; it was a freak of a *Senhora Ingles*—it would not last. Unfortunately, Manoel did not agree in this rational philosophy. What Signa managed to convey to him during those excursions to the Camacha and the Saltos Road no one ever exactly determined—not even Captain Verney. Whether, carried away by the idleness of the moment, or through an imperfect comprehension of the language, she really said that she would willingly resign her social position for the simplicity of peasant life; or whether she only hinted it—which is more like Signa—we shall never know. But that Manoel was mad enough to believe such a thing seems certain, from what followed. His blood was on fire with the light in Signa's hair and the glint of her eyes; he was a peasant, with a limited capacity for understanding the difference in position between a sleigh-driver on the Caminho do Meio and Signa Churston,

grand-daughter of a Duke, and a young lady with an unassailable position in English Society begotten of her lineage—not, one fears, of her merits! Furthermore, the peasant brain is slow, but, once it takes hold of an idea, tenacious. Manoel regarded the bright-haired divinity whose life he daily risked with clenched teeth (at her own command) as in some sort betrothed to him—his own property, at any rate. It seems impossible that even Manoel could not see the absurdity of connecting Signa with the life he lived away from the sleigh—the little cottage, the squalor, the—fleas! But Manoel was in love; he saw nothing but the burnished hair before him as he drove his sleigh down the breakneck, cobbled hills, and he heard nothing but the sweet, imperious voice, without stopping to reason that this could not go on.

"Ande mais de pressa; o mais depressa que possa, Manoel!" said Signa, and the sleigh slid out from the others and flew over the deadly smooth pebbles. What it cost Manoel to take those dangerous journeys from the Mount Church down into Funchal he never said; but the sweat hung in beads under the rings of his dark hair, and he wiped his stiff lips and tried to smile when they reached the bottom, and—the slight figure in its white gown was still safe! He had clung on to the sleigh at the back, with his heart in his throat for four reeling minutes, and for the first time in his trained life as a Guide he was sick with fear—not for himself, but for his Senhora.

But Signa was charmed. "No sleigh goes as fast as mine!" she said, exultantly, to Lady Jane. "And Manoel and I do not keep to beaten tracks. We are experimenting on new roads."

"I sincerely hope you will not get smashed up before Noel arrives!" said Lady Jane, with a sigh. "He writes me that he is running over for a week, to see how we are getting on. His boat is in on Wednesday."

She drew a gentle breath of relief. Noel Verney was Signa's cousin—second, it is true, but still his ineligible position (he had little beyond his pay) rendered him so comfortably outside the pale. And there was no doubt that he could manage Signa as no one else could do.

"Oh!" said Signa, with a warm flush of the most beautiful anger. "Perhaps he comes to see if I have kept the promise he exacted. Well, he will not find me at the tables; he may find me on the Saltos Road, but I do not think that he will find me at all."

But she knew in her heart that that was bravado, and at the first sight of Verney, eye-glass in eye, she would lose the zest of her sleighing and become more level in spirits. He acted upon her much as a cooling breeze in summer, soothing her blood to temperate heat. Perhaps it was as well he was coming, after all, mused Signa, swinging along down the hill into Funchal and to the tramway. She was going up to the Mount Church by tram and rail, with a view to sleighing down. As the train rose slowly up the mountain-side, lift fashion, Signa's eyes, a little sobered, rested on the silver view that spread out gradually before her—it was all silver, frosted sea and flashing heaven, and the green banana-fields on either hand to frame it. Outside the ugly little church with the worn flight of steps was Manoel and his sleigh. Signa smiled at him, the light coming back to her eyes; she felt she owed it to him to be what she deftly described as "nice" for the few remaining days left her.

"And at what time to-morrow, Menina?" asked the Guide, as Signa stepped out of the sleigh at the foot of the hill. He stood with one foot poised on the wooden frame, a little breathless, but an easy figure, with the damp rings of hair almost touching his full, dark eyes; and his voice was caressing—Signa heard and was discountenanced for the first time.

"Oh, to-morrow, Manoel: yes, at four—but not the next day."

"Not terça-feira (Wednesday)? The Senhora goes a longer romaria (pilgrimage)? I accompany her as one of the hammock-bearers." Manoel had filled this post before, when Signa wished to visit the Gran Curral.

"N-no. No, I am not going out. I have to meet the boat. I have—a friend arriving."

Manoel's olive face was bent intently upon her. The broad stupidity of the peasant seemed to start into sudden significance, but it was the intentional stupidity of one not wishing to understand.

"The boat comes in at twelve. You will sleigh later, Senhora?"

"No!" said Signa, half petulantly—she was becoming a trifle impatient. "I shall not sleigh later—I shall not sleigh any more after Wednesday!" She turned away, a little vexed with herself, and inclined to blame Manoel.

"But, Senhora"—he followed her, almost pressed upon her, so that she, perforce, stopped, and she saw that his dark face was pale to lividness—"you do not mean that—ah, no! I have offended you—I am so unlucky! Peco mil desculpas! What is it that I do?"

"Nothing!" said Signa, bluntly. "It is simply that I shall not have time to sleigh—I shall be with my cousin. He is going to stay with us, and he will escort me." She tried to smile in her old gay fashion.

"Ah!" He drew back as if she had struck him, understanding more than Signa had said—more than she would have acknowledged. "And how long has the Senhora been betrothed—promised?" There was no doubt about the lowering peasant-face now, and Signa, with the instinctive arrogance of her class, faced it with stinging disdain.

"I am not promised, Manoel. You are presuming beyond your position in asking the question; but I answer you because I think you do not understand what you say."

"I do understand—yes, at last! Perhaps you have misled him also, this cousin. Oh, yes, I know—you promise only with your eyes, but not with your lips. Then we are both deceived!"

"Really, this is very ridiculous!" Signa said, with a little stamp. She began to dislike the scene; the tragedy of Manoel's manner struck her as bathos, and her first remorse changed to simple annoyance. "Don't be silly, Manoel—and please do not speak like this again. I hate snubbing people!"

The Guide stood looking at her; his face worked, but it was an inscrutable expression to Signa.

"At least, Menina comes to-morrow?" he said at last, slowly. "For the last time?"

Signa hesitated. She looked at the red cushions in the flat basket at her feet—the sleighs in Funchal are like enormous knife-baskets more than anything else—and then she looked at Manoel's pale, handsome face. The temptation to play with fire once more was not one that Signa ever resisted.

"Yes, I will come once more," she said. "Only you must be very good, Manoel, and make the sleigh go very fast, and not talk nonsense!"

"Oh, I will do all that Menina wishes!" said the Portuguese, bowing with a perfectly untrained grace. "And the sleigh shall—fly!" He smiled curiously as Signa nodded and walked away, but the sweat still hung on his forehead, though his breath had come back.

Once or twice during the next twenty-four hours a doubt crossed Signa's mind that she was unwise; she almost decided not to take that last sleigh-ride, though she laughed at her own presentiment. But Lady Jane dozed after luncheon, and even Manoel, tiresome though he had become, was better than no company. Signa kept her appointment, after all.

"I have greased the sleigh, Menina," said Manoel, showing his dazzling teeth in a wide smile that left his eyes curiously sombre. "See! it will slip over the road as fast as even Menina can desire!"

He stood with the ropes in his hands, one foot ready to push off, the long, steep, cobbled hill beneath them. Those hill-roads have been paved with smooth cobbles in rounded ledges, sufficient to give the upward-coming carros foothold, but not sufficient to impede the downward rush of the flying sleighs. Signa gathered her dainty white skirts round her, and sat down on the red cushions in front of the Guide.

"Now, Manoel, quick—*com pressa!*"

"Sim, Menina!" For a moment he hesitated, looking strangely at the bright head. "And Senhora is sure she will not want the sleigh again after to-day, or—my services?"

"I am quite sure, Manoel!" said Signa, firmly, determined that that should be understood since the fracas of the day before.

"Ah!" Signa heard the hissing breath he drew as the sleigh began to move forwards, and her hands closed on the basket sides to steady herself as the pace quickened.

For the first twenty yards the smooth motion was as usual, save that it was easier to-day owing to Manoel's care in greasing the sleigh. Then the pace became swifter, until it was like flying, and the blood rushed to Signa's head in her excitement. But she missed Manoel's pull upon the ropes—the steady guiding-hand that even in the maddest rush assured her of safety. The sleigh only just turned quickly enough, where the road curved, to avoid dashing through the little rill of water that tumbled down beside them and full into the high wall of the flowery quintas. Signa's heart contracted with the

first thrill of fear. Had Manoel lost the ropes and left her to plunge downward alone, unguided? She hardly dared to turn her head, but her quick ear caught the sound of his panting, sobbing breath, which told her that he was still there; and in the same instant she recognised that he was urging the sleigh to greater and more reckless speed every moment, adding his own weight to give it a greater impetus, and only using the ropes to keep it clear of the quinta-walls, but not to check it at all.

Signa's grasp upon the basket-work grew convulsive. She could not cry out—she could only gasp, as her breath seemed to be cut away from her by the pace at which they were going. The flower-decked quintas flew past them upwards, the reeling road withdrew itself in leaps beneath the flying sleigh—they were going down and down, beyond control to stop if anything came in the way of their headlong rush, with death grinning at them from below.

For she knew now what that wild pressure behind her meant—Manoel was urging them both into death, a horrible death that would break them upon the stones or dash their lives out against the quinta-walls. In those few brief seconds it seemed to Signa that she leapt into death a hundred times, even before her straining eyes flashed full at the obstacle for which she had been waiting.

A slow-moving, ponderous carro was coming up the hill, the oxen dragging stolidly at their heavy load, and the driver urging them on with pole and voice. The "Aie! Aie!" of his encouragement to the oxen changed to a warning shout even as she caught sight of him. He dragged his cattle aside and tried to force the cumbrous vehicle into the stream at the side of the road; but the whirling sleigh was upon him, and the crush of its full impetus shot it first into the carro's side, and then away again like a rubber ball to the farther side of the road.

The people riding in the carro confirmed the driver's testimony that, when they went to the rescue, the young lady was still clinging to the sleigh as she lay on the cobbles where she had been flung out. She was evidently injured, but still breathing. The Guide had been dashed down under the heavy woodwork of the carro. He was quite dead.

No one met Noel Verney on the pier, and when he arrived at the New Hotel, Lady Jane, with red-rimmed eyes and a quivering mouth, told him a bewildering story. His first view of Signa was some days later, when she sat propped up in bed, and held out a thin, white hand to him. It was impossible to lecture her, even if the shock she had undergone had not made such a thing out of the question. For the space of some weeks she was laid up, and when she came into the garden again, leaning on her cousin's arm, she moved with the languor of a long illness.

"I wish I could leave here, Noel!" she said, with a little shudder, moving closer to his side. "It is all horrible!"

"Rather a decent sort of place, I thought," remarked Verney, who was always laconic.

Signa did not answer. "I shall never be the same again," she said, after a time. "I feel as if I couldn't smile!"

"Yes, you will—soon as you pick up strength. This is only for the moment," said Verney, consolingly. "Not your fault entirely, either. Doesn't do to—er—cultivate the peasantry too much, you know."

"But I never meant to—indeed, I did not! Only—it was so dull—and—"

"Yes, I know—feel responsible—ought to have come over before," murmured Verney, pitifully, looking at the quivering white face. "Don't cry—not worth it. Fellow's dead, you know."

"I know!" She shivered again. "Oh, Noel, it was my fault—only I didn't think. I'll never, never do it again!"

Verney turned his eye-glass helplessly on the panorama of sea before him. Signa's tears could not bring Manoel back to life, nor, under the circumstances, did Verney think it would be a good thing if they could. Furthermore, though he believed in her penitence, he could not concur in her theory of her changed nature. It would take many generations of fasting and praying to exorcise the dark devil that made Signa what she was.

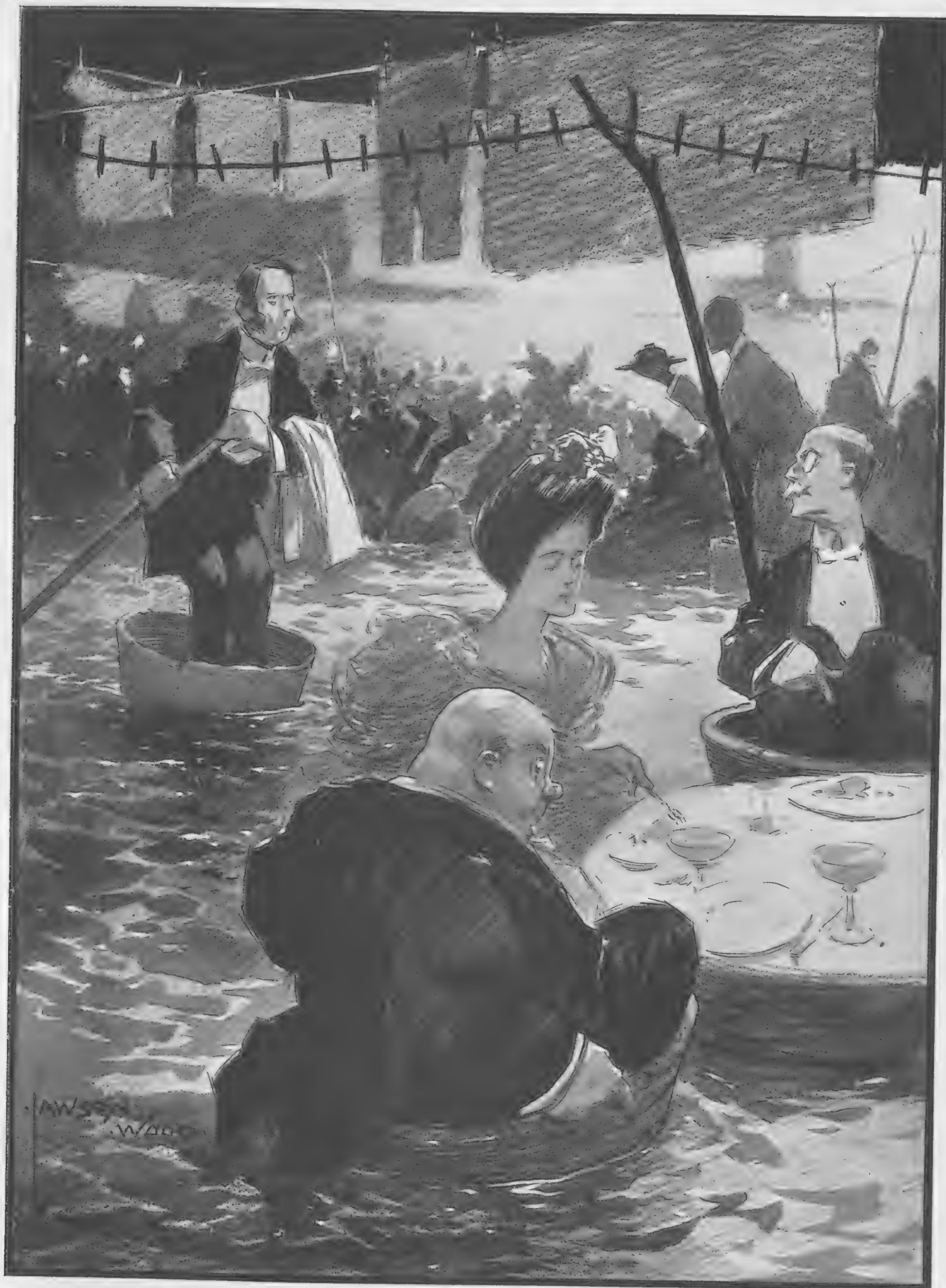
"Don't want you changed," he remarked, at last, to the rosemary hedge. Signa's hands were over her face, and he could not talk to the backs of the prettiest hands in the world. "Think it was unfortunate—but you'll get over it in time."

Signa cried on, but more gently. "I'm wicked, Noel!" she said, in stifled tones. "You know I am."

"No, I don't. Think you want looking after, that's all—and something to stick to. If I weren't only a poor devil with nothing but my pay—Oh, here's your mother coming, and perhaps it's just as well!"

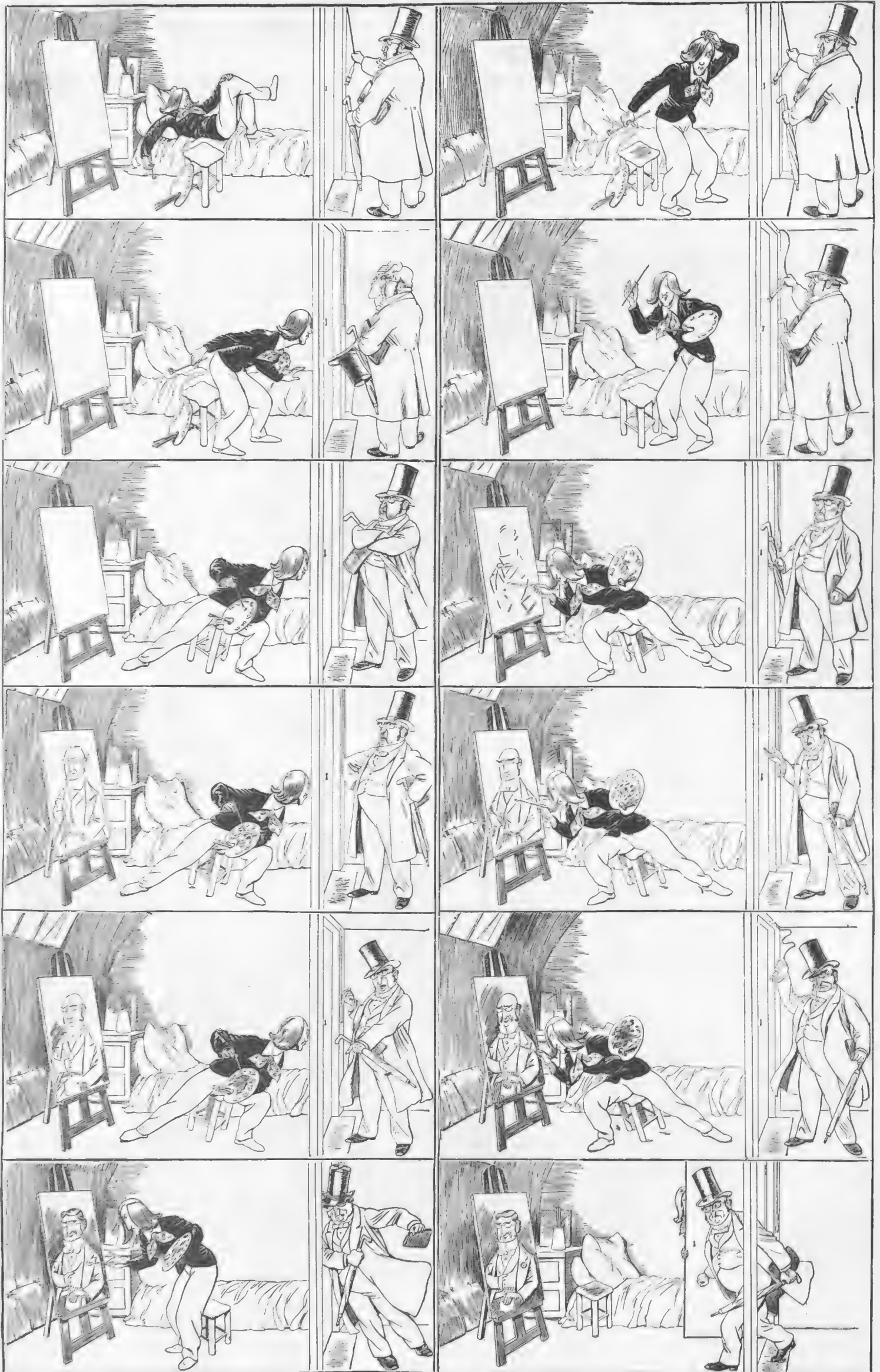


FREAK DINNERS: AN ANTICIPATION OF A SUBURBAN IMITATION.



"Mr. Jones de Jones gave a wash-tub dinner last week. The spacious courtyard was flooded for the occasion, and tastefully decorated with washing and festoons of pegs. The dinner, which was a great success, cost barely £50,000. How absurdly cheap!"—"SOCIETY NOTES."

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.





HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



TO all intents and purposes, the theatrical season may be considered at an end, and managers are engaged in balancing their books and calculating the year's profit and loss. On the whole, it must be confessed that the result of the last nine or ten

"When the Cat's Away." Among the Company engaged are Mrs. Mouillot, Miss Susie Vaughan, and Miss Minnie Terry, Mr. C. M. Lowne, Mr. Edmund Gwenn, Mr. Frederick Volpé, and Mr. Grahame Brown. In consequence of previous arrangements, the theatre will, however, be available for only about six weeks, as "Mr. Hopkinson" will return in the middle of September to delight the public, which he has been keeping amused for the past five months and more.



Aylmer (Mr. F. R. Benson). The Creature (Mr. Henry Ainley).

"AYLMER'S SECRET," WHICH FINISHED ITS RUN AT THE ADELPHI ON SATURDAY LAST:
THE INVENTOR GIVES HIS CREATURE THE BREATH OF LIFE.

The run of "The Comedy of Errors" and Mr. Stephen Phillips's one-Act play, "Aylmer's Secret," which it is only fair to the author to say was written a good many years ago, came to an end on Saturday last. Mr. Phillips's play is a modernisation of "Frankenstein." Aylmer makes a Creature not only in the form of man, but as man, save for the breath of life. This he carries, in liquid form, in a black bottle, and with it he brings his Creature to life, after calling upon the Deity to strike him dead if he presumes.—

months has left much to be desired. There have, of course, been some conspicuous successes, like "The Walls of Jericho," but, on the other hand, there have probably been more short runs at the West-End than for some years previously. In this respect, the Savoy has been specially unfortunate, for Mrs. Brown-Potter produced five failures in succession, "The Golden Light," "Church and Stage," "Forget-Me-Not," "Pagliacci," and "Du Barri," and the upshot of the venture, to the sympathetic regret of her friends and well-wishers, was her application for a receiving order in bankruptcy one day last week.

To the list of theatres closed must be added the Waldorf, which will have a pit when it is re-opened after the vacation; the Criterion, to which Miss Ethel Irving's latest venture with "The Axis" and "Where the Crows Gathered" did not succeed in attracting the public; and the Adelphi, where Mr. Benson and his Company have enjoyed a very short run, if "enjoyed" is the word to use.

Between now and the end of the month three more West-End theatres will definitely close. They are the Imperial on the 21st, the Lyric on the 22nd, and Wyndham's on or about the 28th. Set free to make holiday, Miss Millard will go to Norway for what must of necessity be a short rest, as she will return to England in time to join Mr. Waller, who is going on a six weeks' tour with "Monsieur Beaucaire," to the popularity of which neither time nor the frequency with which it is repeated seems to make any difference.

Wyndham's Theatre has definitely been decided upon for the production of Judge Parry's play, "What the Butler Saw," on Aug. 2. When reference was first made to its original production in *The Sketch* some time ago, it bore the title

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Harvey will go to Sheringham for a few weeks before they start a long autumn-tour. Mr. C. Hayden Coffin will spend his vacation in Norway; and Mr. Lionel Brough intends to accompany his daughter, Miss Mary Brough, who goes on tour with Mr. Cyril Maude in "Beauty and the Barge."



Aylmer.

The Creature.

Miranda (Miss Mabel Moore).

THE CREATURE, FORBIDDEN TO LOVE ITS CREATOR'S DAUGHTER, "CASTS BACK" ITS LIFE.

—The Creature falls down before its creator as before God, and then goes out into the world, to find that—for no apparent reason, since it is most presentable—men shun it as a leper. After three months, it returns, and, having attained an excellent command of the English language, proceeds to make love to the inventor's daughter. Aylmer, on finding his child and his "Frankenstein" hand in hand, promptly forbids the Creature love and is tempted to kill it. Further complications are avoided by the Creature "casting back" its life.

Photographs by Ellis and Walery.



THE new Italian School of Music is apparently not content with its past successes; and this is a curious fact, because it was thought by many people to stand at the head of the creation of a new style in music. This new style, however, has fallen short of ideals, and work succeeds work without anyone creating an exceptional impression.

A short reference to this matter must necessarily be connected with the British idea of old Japan as it was associated with modern England. It has taken many centuries to prove that Japan was really

destined to reach our modern ideal of civilisation; but the best of all things in connection with that ideal lies in the fact that music may yet revive for us a sense of that which has been, of that which will be, and of that which is. We commend this sentence to *Punch*, which has parodied the present writer's style with great success; and therewith one may attempt to make a pleasant and agreeable retaliation by the suggestion that "Every pun must have its *Punch*." That is a saying which must necessarily occupy the minds of those who read their weekly papers, and who are vastly entertained thereby.

The first performance of "Madame Butterfly," given a few days ago at Covent Garden, shows that Puccini has not only a sense of melody, but that he also has a real and genuine feeling for orchestration; indeed, we are inclined to think that his sense of melody



A SINGER WHO MADE HER FIRST APPEARANCE IN LONDON THIS SEASON: MME. HÉLÈNE TORNAI DE KÖVÉR.

Mme. de Kővér, who finished her studies at the Royal Academy of Music, Budapest, originally intended to go on the operatic stage, but her marriage to M. Tornai, the well-known Hungarian painter, prevented this. Music is her hobby, and not only has she sung at various aristocratic "at Homes" and at several concerts, but she devotes much time to ancient and modern Hungarian music, and has discovered many half-forgotten seventeenth-century melodies.

Photograph by Histed.

is somewhat too personal in its characteristic details. It inclines to become monotonous. Remembering, as one does, "La Bohème," and acquainted, as one is, with every phase of that wonderfully beautiful opera, it was a little surprising to find that Puccini relies here much more upon the orchestration of his work than upon the tunefulness of that which "might have been," if one may use such a phrase in connection with the name of Signor Puccini, certainly a master of tune.

It seems extremely strange that, many years ago, Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. Gilbert combined in the composition of a Japanese opera, in which Japan was treated as quite an old-fashioned nation, with old-fashioned ideas, and with a very old-fashioned legal system. Since that time, as we all know, Japan has made her Western tour into Europe; by that one means that this wonderful country has been enabled to upset all the ideas and all the supposed meanings which were allotted to her by Western artists. It is, therefore, interesting to think that Puccini could indulge in an Oriental idea of music, and that his setting of "Madame Butterfly" should have been applauded so enthusiastically by an audience which, we may say without hesitation, met the East in that spirit of toleration which Kipling asserts to be impossible, in a line easily remembered, and generally known to the public: "O, East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet!"

As to the actual performance, Caruso, in the part of the Western lover, entitled in the programme F. B. Pinkerton, sang magnificently. It is very curious that so Oriental and absolutely unsophisticated a part should have been allotted to one who, in the exposition of old Italian opera, is to be ranked among the greatest of interpreters of Italy in its present mood. Most happily, also, is it to be recorded that the cast was admirably filled and admirably interpreted by each

separate singer. Mlle. Destinn sang very beautifully, and she also acted with great force and power in the part of Madame Butterfly. From beginning to end her voice never lagged either in thought or in vocal experience. Of course, it takes some time for a new singer to make her reputation; but Mlle. Destinn, having already proved how fine a vocalist she is, has now made her reputation finally, so far as London is concerned. Signor Scotti took the part of Sharpless, and, as usual, fulfilled both the vocal and dramatic conception of the composer with great skill and with much intelligence. Signor Scotti knows his work very thoroughly, and, whether that work be concerned with an opera by Mozart or an opera by Puccini, he gives one excellent signs of a training which, to his advantage be it said, is entirely modern.

There is certainly one matter upon which Covent Garden can be congratulated, as the old phrase has it, in no uncertain voice. We refer, at the present moment, to the staging of all the operas which have been effectively given during the present season. We began, of course, with Wagner; by such means it was considered that the public, which apparently patronises the work of Wagner, might entice another public, later on, which cares nothing at all for the development of the great German master's brain. For example, we have had "Lohengrin," and with such an early work we have this year been, as it were, bidden to think of Wagner only in his early days, with the one enormous and grandiose exception of "Die Meistersinger." Covent Garden has so carefully and so sensitively appealed to the public that it is perfectly justifiable that its work should go at once hand in hand with the artist and with the man in the street. It is the beauty of the staging which, despite all difficulty, has made Covent Garden, during this season, a house which has been even more delightful to the eye, if that were possible, than to the ear. We speak, possibly, with a little exaggeration, because, after the passage of so many years, it has been difficult to reckon up the value of the performances without the details of fine scenery.

The popularity of Madame Yvette Guilbert has, without question, spread throughout London. Her art is so subtle, so delicate, so enchanting, so humorous, that it is natural that all the world should delight to make note of it and to enjoy it to the full. It is well, and more than well, to observe that her artistic sentiment and her artistic accomplishment have been appreciated, though the word sounds

scarcely courtly enough, by the Queen, who commanded her to Buckingham Palace a week or so ago for an afternoon's entertainment. One hopes that Her Majesty enjoyed thoroughly that which her subjects have already enjoyed, the genius of one of the most careful and best-prepared artists that this modern world has known. The Royal Family has always patronised the best kind of art, but one may say that it is scarcely on record that so delicate and esoteric a feature of art has been appreciated and thoroughly patronised by one who shares the throne of the greatest of Empires.

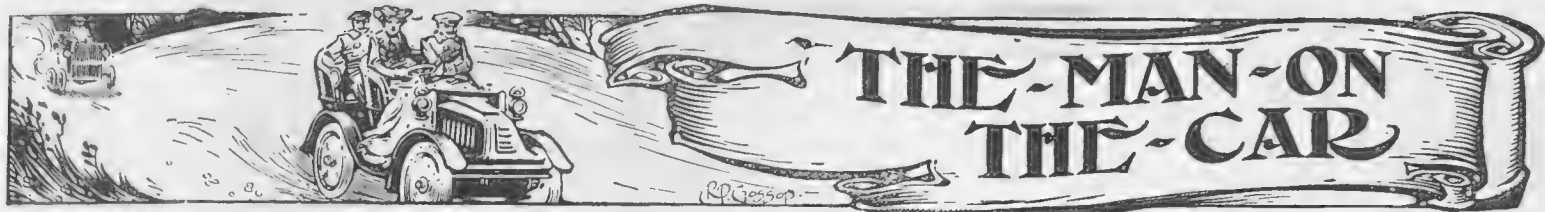
COMMON CHORD.



Signor Puccini. Signor Tito Ricordi. M. Messenger.

THE PRODUCTION OF "MADAME BUTTERFLY" AT COVENT GARDEN: SIGNOR PUCCINI, THE COMPOSER, SIGNOR TITO RICORDI, WHO PUBLISHES THE OPERA, AND M. MESSENGER, WHO WAS ASSOCIATED WITH ITS PRESENTATION.

Photograph by Varsicht, Artico, and Co.



FRANCE AND THE GORDON-BENNETT RACE—THE F.I.A.T.—CYCLE-BUILT WHEELS—THE DUST NUISANCE—DE DIETRICH V. SIDDELEY.

THE determination of the French manufacturers, imposed upon the Automobile Club of France, that their country should have no more of the Gordon-Bennett Race as it was run on the 5th inst. may now undergo modification. The action of the French makers was in some respects due to preliminary funk established by the possibilities of the six Richmonds—or, should I say, the six Mercédès?—in the field. If the race is to be continued, some rearrangement of the rules and regulations must be introduced to prevent such over-representation of any one make not only of motor-cars, but of tyres. But for incidents there might have been Darracqs of both French and English construction in the last two races, and, if the game were worth the candle, English, Scotch, Welsh, Irish, and Manx-made Napiers might be put in line. If France adheres to her abstention, I hope Mr. Gordon Bennett will hand the Cup to Germany or Italy, if either of those countries will agree to continue the race on the original lines.

As an instance of how closely the public studies the results of a race of this description, and appraises positions at their full worth, the effect of Lancia's two circuits and the performances of Nazzari and Cagno already show. The qualities of the F.I.A.T. cars are now upon everyone's lips, and the English house in Long Acre is already profiting by the incidents of the Auvergne race. It is quite a question whether the Gordon-Bennett of 1905 has profited the George-Richard-Brasier or the F.I.A.T. cars the more. The fame of the former was already made. Théry's and Caillois' positions now sustain it, but the results obtained by the Italian trio have brought the name of the F.I.A.T. forward in quite a sensational manner. But for that unhappy stone flying up into and so seriously damaging Lancia's radiator, and otherwise granting him the luck of his two first turns, there is no doubt that he would have been returned the winner. In the first half of the race he was considerably faster than Théry.

I fancy that before long we shall see a general all-round return to wire or cycle-built wheels for motor-cars. Wooden-spoked wheels as built are not designed to withstand the enormous side-strains to which motor-wheels are so frequently subjected in turning corners, or accidentally side-slipping against curbs or other obstructions. Wire or cycle-built wheels, while being stronger in every way, are also

considerably lighter than those of wood, and, as reduction in weight means less wear-and-tear both on mechanism and tyres, higher speed uphill, and better "getting-away" qualities, I think the wire wheel will, sooner or later, become as general upon motor-cars as it is to-day upon cycles. The possibility of setting spokes tangentially, or in the direction of the strain passing through them, is the paramount feature in cycle-built wheels. They are not easy to clean, and their bird-cage appearance is against them from a carriage-owner's point of view; but utility and efficiency are certain to obtain in the end.



A POODLE AS A CHAUFFEUR: MME. ALFRED DU CROS'S "OLGA" ON A MINIATURE PANHARD-LEVAISSOR AT THE CURLY POODLE CLUB'S "AT HOME."

The canine members of the Curly Poodle Club held an "at Home" recently at Mme. Alfred Du Cros's. The miniature motor here shown was a feature of the occasion.

Photograph by Thomas Fall.

During the present delightful summer the dust is always with us, so that I need make no apology for referring again to the subject. I have held more than once in these columns that the solution of the dust nuisance does not lie altogether with road-construction. I have always thought, and still think, that much can be done by attention to the design of the under-frame, or rather, to the sweep and shaping of the sheet-metal apron now so generally fitted to preserve the mechanism from dust and mud. Now I learn that, with a certain Dutch-built car, the under-frame has been so arranged and shaped that the car is practically dustless, even when running fast over roads three inches deep in chalky dust. Before these lines are in type a demonstration of the dustless qualities of this car will have been given to the Press, and I shall have something further to record.

The interesting long-distance reliability trial between M. Paul Meyau's 24 horse-power De Dietrich and Mr. Siddeley's 18 horse-power Siddeley commenced from Paris on Wednesday morning last. Although M. Paul Meyau is driving his own car, Mr. Siddeley has,

owing to pressure of business, been obliged to relinquish the wheel of his car to Mr. Montague Grahame White, an amateur driver of great experience. The total distance to be covered by the two cars has now been reduced to 4,400 kilomètres (equal to 2,732 miles) by the request of M. Meyau, who finds now that he is somewhat pressed for time. Each car is carrying four people, and must cover 320 kilomètres (198.72 miles) per day between 5 a.m. and 7 p.m. Mechanical repairs performable with touring-kit only are permitted, but tyres may be changed as often as is thought necessary. If both cars run through, the match will conclude on the 26th inst.



THE ENGAGEMENT OF TWO MEMBERS OF THE "MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER CONCERT RECITAL COMPANY": MISS CONSTANCE DREVER, WHO IS ENGAGED TO MR. FRANK BOOK.

Miss Constance Drever was a member of the "Mr. George Alexander Concert Recital Company" at the same time as her future husband. Mr. Frank Book is well known as a tenor, and Miss Drever as a soprano.

Photograph by Bassano.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

SANDOWN—GOODWOOD—FORM—RAILWAY CHARGES—LUCK.

THE racing at Sandown this week will be a big draw. I walked over the course a day or two back and found it in splendid racing condition. The herbage has improved wonderfully during the last few years. The undergrowth is now quite thick and sound. I think the finishes, both on the five-furlong track and the round course, are too severe; but it is one of the best places in England to view the racing from the stands. The Eclipse Stakes has before now produced some startling upsets of form, but, on the book, all looks plain sailing for Cicero, who, I claim, is one of the best three-year-olds we have seen this year. I cannot quite make out the form of Llangibby. He is, seemingly, unreliable, and, for that reason, is to be feared. We know what Surefoot did in this very race, and Llangibby might do the same, though I very much doubt it. Henry the First ran very badly for the Princess of Wales' Stakes at Newmarket, but that form, I take it, was too bad to be true. He will be ridden by Higgs on Friday. I am told Signorino has not been doing well, and Kingsclere has nothing good enough for the race this year. Val d'Or, who will represent M. Blanc, is likely to get a place, as the horse is very fit and well just now. Perfect Dream colt should win the National Breeders' Produce Stakes.

system, as I first want to know what is to provide against bad starts or horses being shut in at a critical point of the race. Here I may add that at a certain suburban race-meeting lately, in a big Handicap, it looked to me as though six jockeys in the field were simply taking care of the favourite, and in the end they succeeded in getting the horse the public had backed hopelessly shut in. The stars and the planets will not apply in a case of this sort, except to the benefit of the bookmakers, who get all the happenings thrown in.

The managers of the new meeting at Newbury are going to find free stabling and free fodder for the horses running at their meeting. In addition, they will pay the railway charges of the horses running. This is as it should be. For twenty years I have hammered away at the charges question, which is a terrible drawback to the Sport of Kings. Star actors receive good salaries for amusing the public, but before a star horse can perform in public his owner has to shell out money right and left to pay exorbitant charges which he certainly should not have been called upon to pay. All the recently established race-meetings where the dividends to shareholders are not allowed to exceed ten per cent. per annum should take the hint I give to-day.



SOME PROMINENT GUN-CLUB MEMBERS: COMPETITORS IN THE RECENT PIGEON-SHOOTING CONTEST FOR THE GUN-CLUB INTERNATIONAL CUP TROPHY, WON BY THE HON. F. THELLUSSON.

Photograph by Russell.

In a day or two the weights will be published for the Stewards' Cup, when some big speculation will take place. I may here say that Thrush, Gold Lock, Melayr, and Ravensash have been heavily backed by somebody with the Continental list men. The last-named comes from the all-conquering Foxhill stable, presided over by W. Robinson, who has Sir Daniel also in the race. The Duke of Richmond will have to give more added money to the Stewards' Cup if the race is to maintain its position as one of the first-class Handicaps. The Cups and Plates at Goodwood are richly endowed, but they attract small fields of poor-class horses. Why not cut down their value, and with the proceeds add another thousand to the Stewards' Cup? Ante-post betting Handicaps are the mainstay of our big meetings. Where would Lincoln be without its Spring Handicap or Liverpool without its Grand National or Autumn Cup? Indeed, where would Newmarket be without its Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire? Ten-thousand-pounders, Cups, Plates, Biennials, and Triennials are all very well as mere items, but they are no good for bringing grist to the mill. I, for one, should be very sorry to see the Stewards' Cup losing its old-time popularity for the sake of a happ'orth of tar.

Many years ago, a leading vaticinator, who afterwards became an owner of racehorses, claimed to be able to find winners by the aid of the stars, but in the end the signs went awry and the system was exploded. I have lately been reading a book in which the author tells his readers that the stars and planets will find winners for them with very little trouble to themselves. I am not as yet a convert to the

and utilise some of their takings in the manner suggested. I believe, in the early days of the Manchester Meeting, the management always paid the expenses of some of the Irish horses running at their meeting—and quite right, too, as how could many of the little Irish owners afford to meet the outlay?

It is aggravating to think that the King's trainer, Richard Marsh, should have so many bad horses under his charge this year. I am told the Sandringham yearlings are promising, and that next year the Royal colours are certain to be borne to victory often by some useful two-year-olds. John Porter has several very indifferent horses under his charge at Kingsclere; but here, again, there is hope, as, according to rumour, the Eaton yearlings, the property of the Duke of Westminster, are a very fine lot. Sam Darling, of Beckhampton, has had very little luck this year, but we may hear from him later on. On the other hand, W. Robinson has done remarkably well with a small stable of horses—all good ones, by-the-bye—and W. E. Elsey, the Lincoln trainer, farmer, and corn-dealer, has placed his thoroughbreds to the best advantage this season. I think it is a mistake to run horses out of their class, as a rule. Yet Elsey has shown us, in the case of Catty Crag, that it is possible to transform an ordinary plater into a first-class Handicap performer. By the same rule, I think some of the supposed classic performers that have been sent out by one or two of the fashionable stables this year could have been more profitably employed by being run in Selling Plates.

CAPTAIN COE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

IN view of the extraordinary developments of the greatest war of modern, or, indeed, any times, it was vitally interesting to alight on the eighteenth-century translation of an old black-letter "History of Japan" in the well-stored library of a country-house some days ago. Curiosity as to the progress and purposes of the early Japanese led one to cheerfully wade through a somewhat ponderous style of prose, not to mention those perplexing "f's" that stood for "s's" with our forbears, and somewhat impede the process of reading nowadays. Our trouble was amply repaid, however, by the astonishing revelations of the old writer who had been "Englished" from his original French in 1724 by the Abbé Sôhir. The main characteristics of this great, little people seem in no way changed from the magnificent example of the present. Their language is described as "grave, elegant, copious," their manner "extremely courteous and civil, being most respectful to one another, especially the Nobles," and one remembers the tragic courtesy of four months ago, when "gentlemen of the — corps" were politely ordered to advance and hurl themselves on the lances of the enemy "so as to make a passage for their companions in the rear." Speech fails before such awful gallantry. What especially comes home to the onlookers of the twentieth century is the high standard of honour of the Japanese, and here we find written of them three hundred and forty years ago: "The predominant passion of these islanders is honour. No nation under heaven can be more greedy of glory. Poverty is never looked upon by them as ignominious, and all must admire their wonderful courage in adversity." The old writer might have been penning a *résumé* of the past two years! What still further strikes one is reading of the enthusiasm with which Christianity was received when Francis Xavier, who is called the Apostle of Japan, carried the faith there in 1595, and a very complete reply to some foolish forecasts lately put forward on the probable future proselytising process of a successful Buddhist

nation lies in the fact that a large proportion of the Japanese are Christians, Togo himself being, as is well known, a Catholic.

While on the subject of our good friends and allies, a word must be mentioned of the dinner given at the Savoy by the Japanese Naval Attaché, at which Prince and Princess Arisugawa were the



[Copyright.]

A CHARMING SUMMER FROCK.

guests of honour. Miniature scenes of Japanese village-life, tea-house, garden, pond, bridge, and all other "local colour," even to little white elephants, were reproduced as decorations for the dinner-table, much to the delight of Captain Kaburaki and his guests. It would seem as if nothing was impossible to the gifted Manager of the Savoy in the matter of dinner-table surprises. Under his *régime* the Savoy grows daily more and more the solace and support of the epicurean, the haunt of golden youth and be-diamonded dames from all points of the social compass.

Talking of diamonds and jewels, there is a moral to be drawn from a recent *cause célèbre* where a lady (*sic*) of acquisitive inclination was found exchanging a seventeen-hundred-guinea string of pearls (not her own) with a necklace, exactly resembling it, that had cost her a mere modest five-pound note at the Parisian Diamond Company's. Even the detectives admitted that the two strings were so exactly alike that nothing but the different labels made it possible to distinguish one from the other. Wherefore, then, hide up thousands in a string of gems that can be exactly simulated for a few pounds? asks the practical and matter-of-fact husband, as he straightway repairs to the Parisian Diamond Company and greets his wife with a perfect row of pearls without depleting his bank-balance in the reckless manner first contemplated. Another of the Company's specialities is the pear-shaped pearls now again so modish for pendants and ear-rings. One of the Marquess of Bute's presents to his bride was a pair

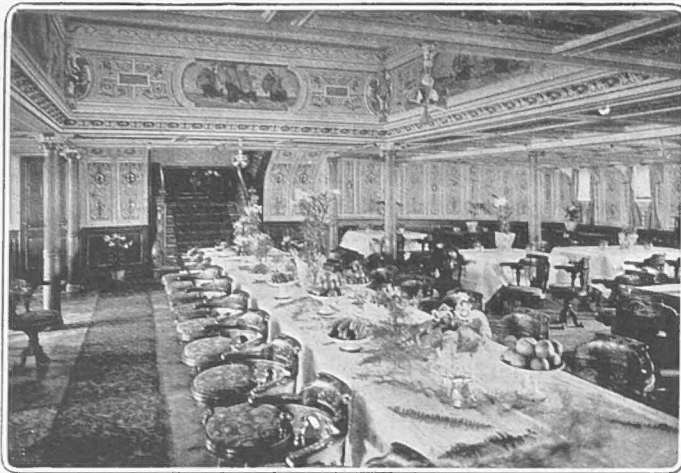


[Copyright.]

A BATHING-DRESS FOR TROUVILLE.

of perfectly matched pear-shaped pearl ear-rings. These beautiful and very costly gems are so perfectly imitated by the Parisian Diamond Company that experts are constantly puzzled by their size, lustre, weight, and colour, so no one can possibly think detection possible. Not that it would greatly matter, seeing that the pearls and diamonds of the Company have a value entirely intrinsic, due not alone to the admirable and artistic manner of setting, but to the excellence of the jewels into the bargain.

Since the dog-days have really set in, the advantages of short sleeves and their undeniable coolness have been gratefully apparent to all who wear them. Why we have not adopted short sleeves in other baking summers is what everyone asks herself now, seeing how favourite and fashionable they always are at this season in France. Long gloves to meet the sleeves are expensive, though undoubtedly charming, yet the useful mitten is not affected by the elect, great as are the opportunities it offers for the display of rings, bangles, and



A NEW FLOATING PALACE: THE FIRST-CLASS DINING-SALOON OF THE "ARAGON," THE LATEST ADDITION TO THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY'S FLEET.

The Royal Mail Steam Packet Company's new vessel, the "Aragon," left Southampton on Friday last for a first voyage to Buenos Ayres. She is a magnificent twin-screw vessel of 10,000 tons, the finest on the South American and West Indian service. Some idea of the luxurious way in which she is fitted may be gathered from our photograph.

Photograph by R. Welch.

for there are many imitations. It is delightfully refreshing, cooling, and altogether grateful to overpowered humanity in this melting weather, and costs so little that there is really no excuse for being without it.

The *entente cordiale* which we so happily subscribe to with our good friend Jacques Bonhomme is actually spreading to our other (though, perhaps, less dear) neighbour Fritz—at least, in the matter of industrial art: Waring and Gillow having had several commissions for the decoration and outfit of Hamburg-American liners from the directors of that Company. The s.s. *Amerika* was so signally a decorative and artistic success that an order for the embellishment of a sister boat very shortly followed. Nor is this all. The principal interior work of the *Kaiserin Augusta* is also committed to Messrs. Waring and Gillow, who will now, in virtue of previous exploits, have an opportunity of showing what highly skilled British craftsmanship can do on what will, no doubt, be the most beautiful floating palace of them all when finished.—SYBIL.



SOME OF THE TOURISTS LANDING AT FOLKESTONE.



THE TOURISTS VISITING MESSRS. LEVER BROTHERS' WORKS, FOREST MIDI, BRUSSELS.

A GIGANTIC EXCURSION: SCENES OF THE VISIT OF 2,000 EMPLOYEES OF MESSRS. LEVER BROTHERS, OF PORT SUNLIGHT, TO BRUSSELS AND THE LIÈGE EXHIBITION.

Some two thousand of Messrs. Lever Brothers' Port Sunlight employees recently enjoyed the annual outing provided for them by their firm, and had what may be termed a record week-end. Between mid-day on the Friday and the Sunday night, they journeyed across the Channel, had a look at Brussels, spent some twelve hours at Liège Exhibition, and returned home. The new Sunlight Soap Factory near Brussels was visited, and the Burgomaster of Forest declared it open. At Liège the "Sunlighters" were welcomed by the Burgomaster.

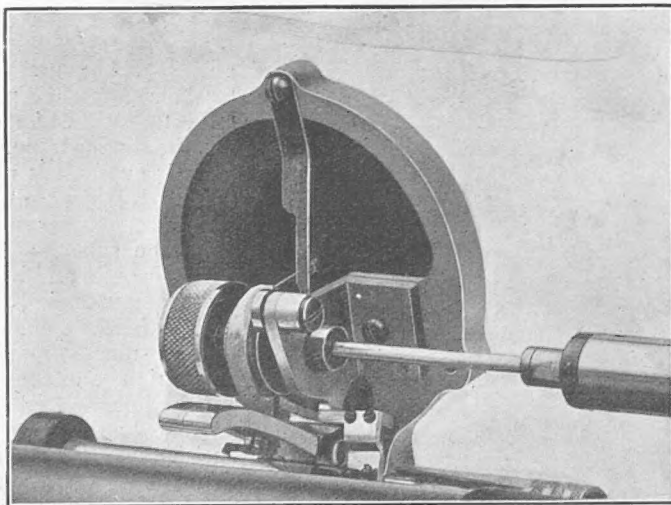
Photographs by Mr. Jenkins, Port Sunlight.

bracelets. In the house, girls are at the arm, but these slip out of the wrist, after the manner of our grandmothers. The gauze scarf, so graceful and becoming, has, one hopes, come to stay. Another old fashion is also threatened again—that of wearing the hair in "ring-lets." It was tried last summer, but did not catch on. The pioneers of the mode are, however, keeping it in view, one hears, as well as the reintroduction of the dainty little flower and tulle bonnets of long ago, while ear-rings in enamel and finely wrought gold are also obtaining favour with the really modish. It only remains for crinoline, white stockings, and heelless cloth boots to come in, and we shall again be as Leech saw us in the 'forties and 'fifties.

What impedimenta to dispense with rather than acquire is the crux of all who know how to travel comfortably. Yet there is one article that no self-respecting travelling-bag should be without, and that briefly is Murray and Lanman's original and only Florida Water. When one says "only," one means only genuine, be it well understood,

wearing ribbon and velvet tied of place except when tied at

On Thursday evening last M. André Messager and Mr. Neil Forsyth were the guests of London's musical critics at the Imperial Restaurant. The evening was a very pleasant one, and the company did not separate until a late hour. Naturally enough, music played a very small part in the proceedings. Mr. Forsyth received many congratulations upon the latest addition to his many Orders and decorations—he has been created a "Caballero de la Real Ordende" by the King of Spain.



THE "COLUMBIA" SOUND-MAGNIFYING GRAPHOPHONE: THE SOUND-MAGNIFYING INSTRUMENT.

The "Columbia" Phonograph Company, of 80, Great Eastern Street, E.C., and 200, Oxford Street, W., recently gave a demonstration of their new "Columbia" Sound-Magnifying Graphophone. The instrument proved a remarkable success, giving loud, clear, ringing notes that could be heard all over a large building, and showing an extraordinary distinctness in the utterance of speech and song. Absolutely new principles are embodied in the instrument, which marks a revolution in talking-machines. An ordinary shilling gold-moulded record is used, but, with the aid of the new invention, it gives sounds amplified and accentuated at least sixteen times in volume.

A really excellent performance of Pinero's comedy "Trelawny of the Wells" was given last week at the Court Theatre by a Company of amateurs in aid of the Jewish Kitchen at the German Hospital. The performance, organised by Mr. Delissa Joseph and cleverly stage-managed by Miss Child, revealed an amount of talent that must have astonished most of the large audience that assembled to see it. Trelawny was presented by Mr. Albert Solomon with an ease that one does not associate with amateur performances, and Mrs. Emanuel's Avonia Bunn was another piece of work that had more than common merit.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on July 26.

AFTER THE SETTLEMENT.

THE improved tone which we noticed last week has been more marked since we wrote, and, as the settlement in Kaffirs passed off without the anticipated trouble, it has extended to this part of the market, as well as the rest. All round, the international situation has improved, and the peace prospects are looked upon with more confidence, for the report of the appointment of M. Witte as Russian delegate seems to be confirmed, and certainly adds to the cheerfulness of the stock markets, which accept it as a good augury and a sure sign of Russia's desire to put an end to the war.

We do not say that there will be any great revival until the autumn, but it is the unexpected in finance, as well as in politics, which so often happens, and it would not surprise us in the least if the dull season on this occasion proved more than usually exciting. A moderate purchase and lock-up of Kaffirs or South American Rails, or even Yankees, might very easily pay for a man's holiday, especially if he would go for a trip to Norway or Switzerland, and not look at a paper till he came back.

The great success of the Japanese loan exceeded the hopes of the most enthusiastic friends of the island kingdom, as in Germany and America the over-subscription was as large as it was here; on the whole, £250,000,000 appears to have been applied for, and this, too, without the stimulus of the heavy premium which was so much in evidence when the previous loans were open for subscription. Allottees will, of course, get but a small fraction of the sums they have asked for, but the prospects of peace make the loan look like a good progressive investment yielding nearly five per cent.

Kaffirs, which were at the lowest ebb last week, have picked up wonderfully, and the magnates seem to think it is time to stop the rot, both by a little buying and by letting their names be used as publicly as possible for the dissemination of bull stories. The bears have had their innings, and, while we do not expect a rapid rise, we fancy that the worst is over.

SOUTH AFRICAN BREWERIES.

Probably in consequence of the remarks in this column last week on the subject of Ohlsson's Brewery, several shareholders in the South African Breweries have asked our opinion upon its shares, and "Q." has kindly sent us the following Note, giving his information and opinion upon the investment—

A week ago, I had something to say about Ohlsson's Cape Brewery shares, recommending them to those who appreciate 8 per cent. on their investment; to-day, I should like to point out the merits of the other great South African Brewery Company whose shares can also be bought to return 8 per cent.; I mean, of course, the South African Breweries Company, Ltd.

The capital of this Company is at present £1,950,000, divided into £1,000,000 of 5 per cent. Cumulative Preference shares, and £950,000 Ordinary shares. The Preference shares constitute a first charge, as there are no Debentures, and, at the time of the last issue, it was provided that no Debentures can be issued without the consent of two-thirds of the Preference shareholders. As it was also officially stated that the income derived from rents, &c., altogether apart from the profits of the business, more than covered the £50,000 required to pay the Preference interest, these shares, which stand at about par, are well secured. On the Ordinary shares a final dividend of 12 per cent. has just been paid, making, with the interim dividend, 22 per cent. for the year, and, at the present price of the shares, this represents a return of about 8 per cent. The total profits for last year were £238,000, as against £230,000 for the previous year. In view of the great depression which prevailed in South Africa throughout the year, it would not have been surprising if the profits had fallen off, and in the circumstances the small increase must be considered very satisfactory. The prevailing depression, too, has provided an excellent opportunity, of which the directors have taken advantage, to purchase properties and secure fresh trade. When the inevitable improvement sets in in South Africa, the Company will be in a favourable position to benefit from it, and I think that those who buy and hold the shares for a few years are likely to see their capital grow in value and receive a very handsome return in the meanwhile. Q.

THE ANTOFAGASTA AND BOLIVIA RAILWAY COMPANY.

Last week we referred to the prospects of the Antofagasta Railway, and since then the full report has been issued. The figures

in detail more than bear out the good opinion which our valued contributor, "Q.," expressed. The gross receipts of the Railway amount to £624,473, and of the Waterworks to £19,002, while the working expenses are respectively 50·26 per cent. in the case of the Railway and 17·19 per cent. in the case of the Waterworks, figures which compare favourably with those of similar enterprises anywhere in the world. We have reason to believe that the proposed rearrangement of the capital will be both of interest and profit to the shareholders when the details are made public.

The report contains the following passage, which we cannot help quoting in full, as it supports very strongly the views which have been put forward in these columns—

The agreement with the Huanchaca Company having expired on 31st December, 1903, that Company's right to a share of the profits (which during the latter part of the term was very considerable) has now ceased and this Company is in the enjoyment of the entire profit on the working of the undertaking. The reversion to which the Company has succeeded is one of great immediate and also of prospective value, inasmuch as very remunerative improvements and extensions which have been rendered needful by the rapid development of Chili and Bolivia, and which it was considered undesirable to undertake while the agreement remained in force, are now being carried out by the Company. The value of the undertaking is not now adequately represented by the present capital of the Company, but the rearrangement of the capital on a commensurate basis is a measure which can only be safely effected by an Act of Parliament, and at the forthcoming general meeting the Board will submit to the shareholders their proposals on the subject.

SOME FOREIGN RAILS.

While the Home Railway section is still peacefully slumbering in its inactivity, caused by lack of public business, Foreign Rails vie with Americans in the amount of trade that circles round them. Just

as the brilliant weather of the first half of July failed to stimulate Home Rails, so it passed over the Foreign Rails without exercising any kind of stop upon the animation in this department. Mexican Rails have at last yielded to the more benignant traffics which market optimists think may enable the First Preference stock to receive perhaps 6 per cent. for the current half-year, and the bears of the junior securities have closed a good proportion of their commitments quite lately. We hear that a further smart



THE ANTOFAGASTA (CHILE) AND BOLIVIA RAILWAY: ANTOFAGASTA—MUELLE DEL FERRO CARRIL.

advance in Cordoba and Rosario First Preference shares is more than likely. Interest in arrear is to be funded, as everyone knows, and distributed in the shape of Preferred stock, which will give holders of the existing shares a very substantial bonus. Argentine Rails are so strong a market that it would seem bad policy to sell at present, and, in spite of the improvement that has occurred in Buenos Ayres and Pacific since we mentioned the stock a short time back, proprietors will do well to wait for still higher quotations. The advance in Cuban railway issues appears to have gone quite far enough for the time being.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"Cool?" exclaimed a dealer, warmly. "How on earth do you expect me, or anyone else, to keep cool in this weather? How on earth, I ask—?"

"You can, at least, keep calm, if not cool," was a broker's reply. "How about those Gold Trusts? Done my limit?"

"Not yet, old chap," and the irritated tone gave place to one more business-like. "But the price is very spotty, and I shall do them pretty soon."

"Goodish things to have, I think," remarked the broker. "They won't improve so long as other things are flat, of course—"

"Are Kaffirs flat?" the jobber queried. "Perhaps you speak in comparatives?"

"I do, positively," and the broker chuckled a little. "If any of the beastly things are worth having, I should say they are Gold Trust and Anglo-French."

"How about the contract that Farrar's have terminated with the Anglo Company?" and another jobber joined the group.

"All I can say is that I hear from very good people that the Anglo-French Company will lose precious little, if anything, from the effluxion of the agreement."

"Good word, 'effluxion,'" said the broker. "Got any more like it?"

"Not here," retorted the speaker. "I hope to learn, and not to teach, when I have the privilege of conversing with a broker."

Our Stroller saw the threatened blow, and sighed at the frivolity of things in general: of the Stock Exchange in particular. He decided to walk slowly down to the American Market.

"My own view is simply this," he overheard one man explain to another. "The amalgamation has got to go through and the new shares to be issued, so they are bound to keep up the price until that is done with."

"After which Johnnies will go to—?"

"Ah, there's the point: I doubt very much whether the shares will be intrinsically worth more than thirty shillings apiece when this little excitement is over. The dividends will become even scarcer—"

"Apparently right to sell a bear of Barneys and Johnnies," soliloquised our friend, as he half-turned towards a group of men discussing Japanese finances.

"Object? There isn't any object in holding Japan Sixes of either series," argued one of the group. "Just think of the prices they stand at!"

"The Second Series pays about 5½ per cent. on the money, not allowing for redemption," suggested another.

"And you can buy Japanese Exchequer bonds about eight points less," cried the first speaker.

"Not with the same security, though," observed a third.

"Both the Sixes and the new Loans have specific security," a fourth added.

"My dear, good boy, it's all a question of Japanese credit, after all. If by any unheard-of accident the country were to go to the dogs, how long would the Sixes get their interest after default on the Exchequer Bonds? Answer me that."

"You think the public ought to sell the Six per cents and buy Six per cent. Exchequer Bonds about eight points lower?"

"Why, of course. Lots of people are doing it, too. The Bonds are redeemable at par—most of them at fairly short dates. If only—"

Our Stroller thought he saw his broker, and, coming up suddenly, gave him a sounding thwack on the shoulder. It was not his broker, and it took more than five minutes to restore the peace.

"I must really go and have a look at Americans after that," said The Stroller to himself. "Phew! That man's made me feel quite warm with his heated language. And I only tapped him on the shoulder, after all."

Musing upon the touchiness of man, our friend entered Shorter's Court and edged his way up to the main crowd. Palm-leaf fans were the principal feature of the market.

"These lines are doing jolly well, there's no mistake about it," he heard one man declare. "Look at that, now," and he handed his friend a small square of paper.

"Looks to me like Aztec hieroglyphics," was the reply. "What's it all mean?"

"It means a private confirmation of the rumour that Illinois Centrals are to be put on a permanent 7 per cent. basis. What do you think of that?"

"Goodness gracious me!" said his friend, with ironical astonishment. "Ought I to buy Steel Common on this momentous news?"

"Don't be an idiot. Buy Milwaukeees, if you like. For a big rise, too."

"Too high-priced for me. Think how the contango runs away with the money."

"In a ten-dollar rise, contangoes don't matter much either way, and Milks are right to have."

"I firmly believe that they will get Yankees better again, you know," was the evasive reply. "Don't you?"

"Ra-ather. Should think they will! If money is your object, buy Yankees."

"Too hot," murmured the cautious one. "And I'm going away soon."

"Take a few with you," was the advice. "Put 'em in your bag and don't touch 'em until there's a decent profit. Moreover—"

At this moment Our Stroller really did see his broker, and took him away to a secluded nook to discuss the various tips he had just picked up, as someone says, promiscuous-like.

Saturday, July 15, 1905.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

E. P.—(1) What "Q" wrote last week and his note this week should give you what you want. (2) Gwalla Consolidated at 1s. 9d. to 2s. are the best cheap gamble we know. (3) The outside brokers whose circular you send are touts of the worst kind. Have no dealings with them.

SABS.—See this week's "Notes."

D. W. T.—Your letter has been fully answered.

EDGAR.—The name and address of the brokers have been sent to you.

R. T. M.—You had better hold your trams; we think they will come right. See this week's note on Foreign Rails. We do not like the Brewery.

SEX.—Nos. 1, 4, and 5 would be our choice, but it is very much of a gamble. We would rather buy Anglo-French than any of the Companies you name.

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